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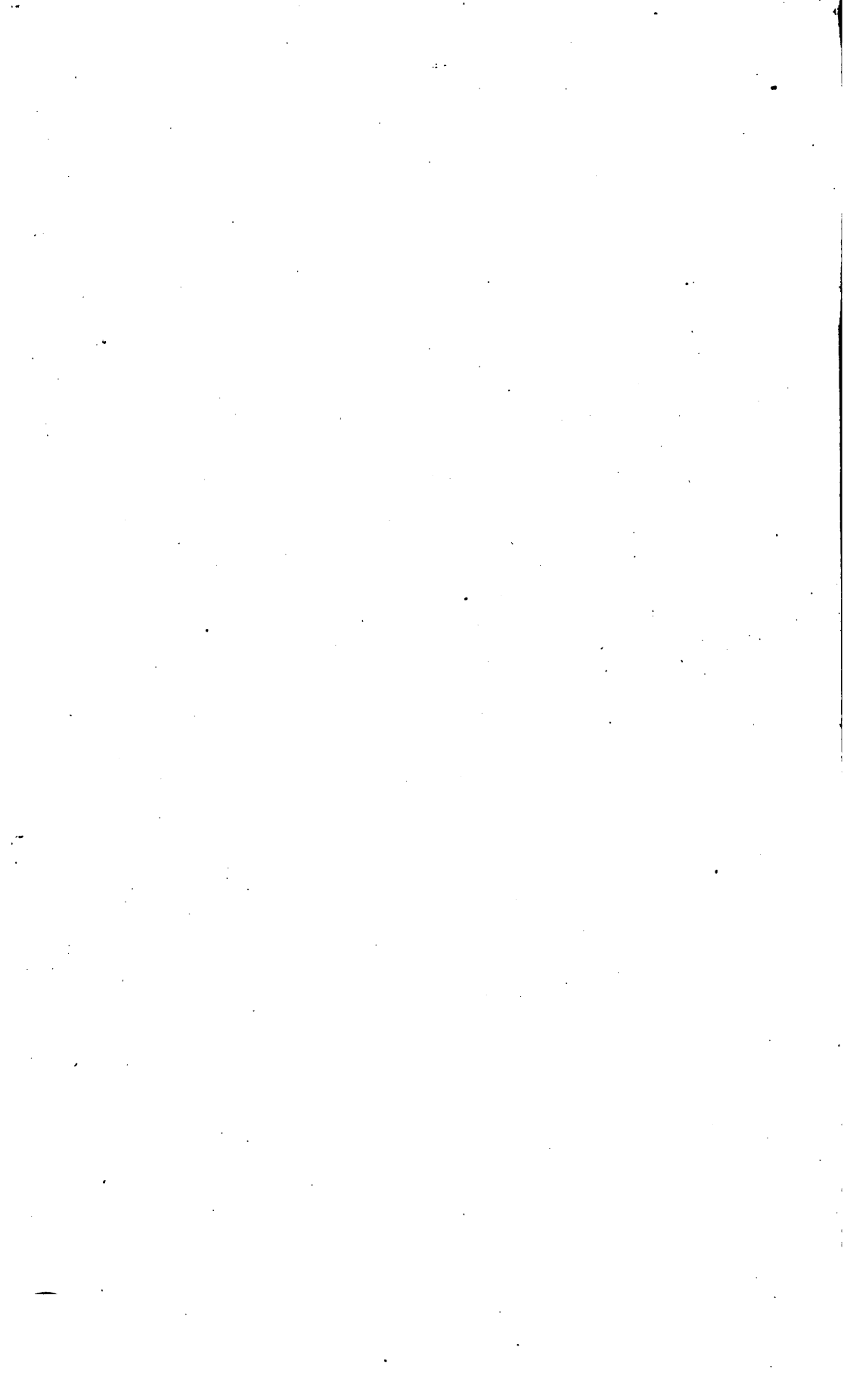
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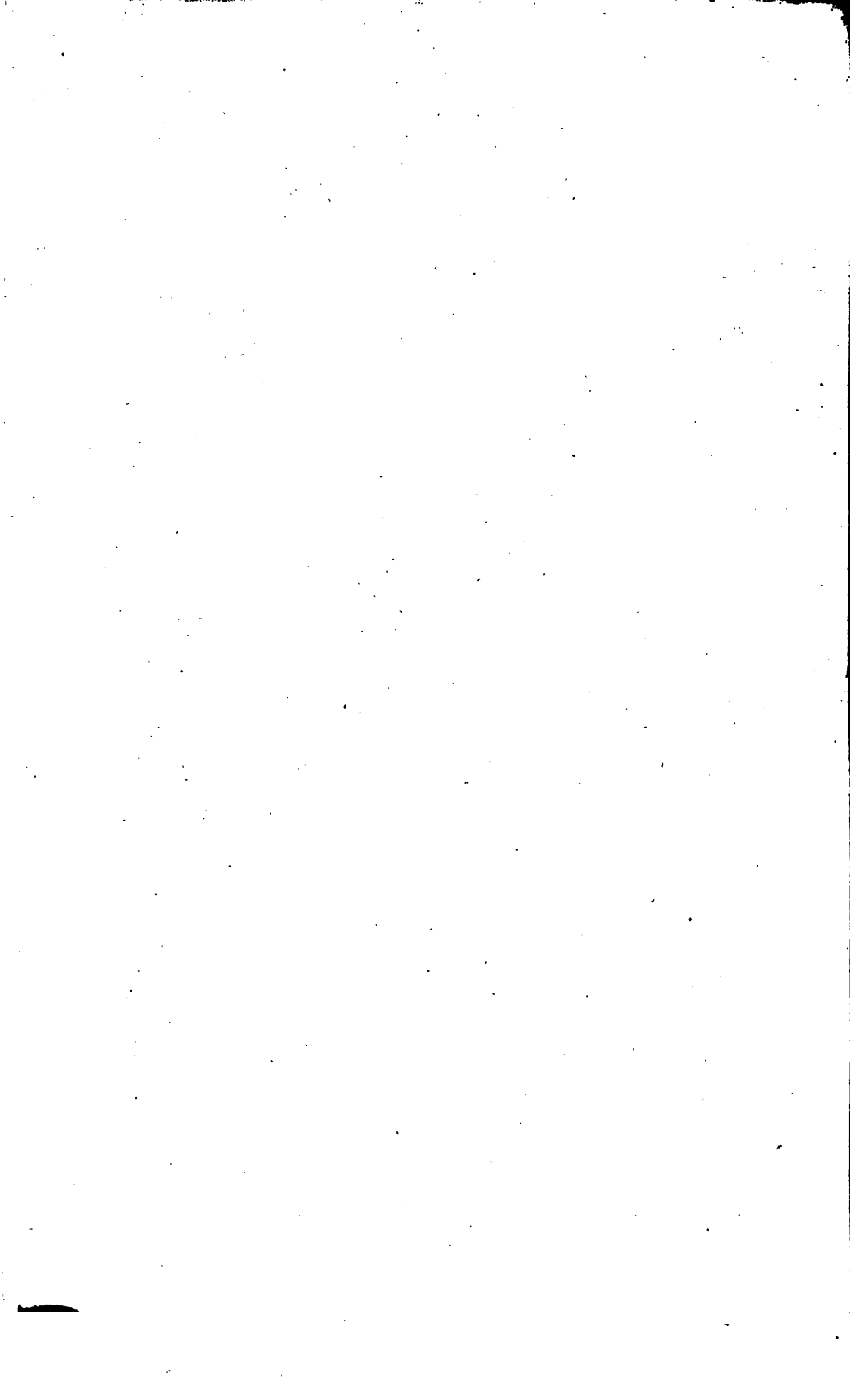
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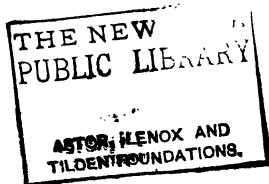
1888

RECEPTION
OF
PETER COOPER,
BY THE
ARCADIAN CLUB.

(6-2)



Rev. F. A. I. Barnard
With the Compliments
of - Peter Cooper





PETER COOPER,

Aged 83.

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY PUPILS OF THE COOPER UNION.

THE
RECEPTION

PETER COOPER

BY THE

SCOTLAND CLUB,

ON THE

FIFTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY.

FEBRUARY 12, 1874.

AND FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,
310 NASSAU BROADWAY
1874.



EDWARD D. FAIRBANKS

MEMBER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

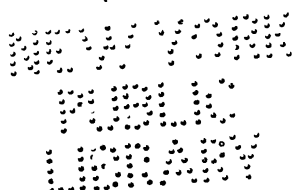
THE
RECEPTION
OF
PETER COOPER
BY THE
ARCADIAN CLUB,
ON HIS
EIGHTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY,

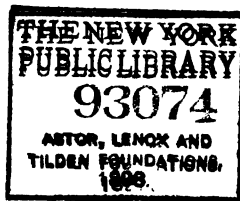
FEBRUARY 12, 1874.

[PRINTED FOR PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION.]

NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,
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1874.

72.





May 1934
ALBANY
YR 1934

The Arcadian Club.

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ANDREW C. WHEELER.

Recording Secretary,
THOMAS J. HALL.

Corresponding Secretary,
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J. R. THOMAS,
THOMAS LE CLEAR,

G. W. CARLETON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ARCADIAN CLUB, 52 UNION PLACE, NEW YORK, }
August 15, 1873. }

MR. PETER COOPER—

DEAR SIR: The members of the ARCADIAN CLUB, on behalf of themselves, and in sympathy with the larger circle in New York City, who are familiar with your liberality in the cause of Science and Art, desire to express the grateful regard in which you are held, in view of your public services. We remember that, in a wiser and larger spirit than that of a mere patron of art, you have dedicated a princely endowment to educate Scientists and Artists from among the masses of the people, and to maintain a free Institute for their benefit.

As your eighty-fourth birthday is near at hand, the members of our Club look to it with interest, and request you to give them the pleasure of your company on the evening of that day, and thus afford them, in association with their invited guests from the ranks of the professors, teachers, scholars, artists, editors, and public men of our city and State, an opportunity to congratulate you on your honored old age, and to assure you, New York feels a generous pride in your name, as that of one of her distinguished citizens.

Very respectfully your obedient servants,

GEO. W. HOWS,
ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN,
GEORGE W. CARLETON,
Committee of Invitation.

COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK, }
August 25, 1873. }

Geo. W. Hows and others, Committee of Arcadian Club.

GENTLEMEN: I must confess that I am deeply touched by the offer of the Arcadian Club, to commemorate my approaching birthday,

by a special meeting of your members, and other invited and honorable guests.

If I were to consult purely my personal inclinations I would decline this proffered honor and kindness, expressing my sincere thanks. I have no other claims upon your kind attentions, and honorable recognition, than such as belong to every earnest friend of popular education. But it is often due to a good cause, and a public benefit, to make some public recognition of the servants of the cause. I feel, thus, your request as a sort of command whose weight comes from the high character of your members, and the promotion of the general welfare you have in view, in honoring one who through a long life has tried to do his duty in the city of his birth and home.

If therefore my life should be spared until the 12th day of February next, and you should continue of the same mind, it will give me great pleasure to meet with you and your guests whenever you may think it proper to hold such a reception.

Meanwhile, I should be happy to meet any member of your committee that will do me the honor to call at my house, any day but Saturday, after 5 o'clock P. M.

Again expressing my sincere thanks, I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

PETER COOPER.

GEO. W. HOWS,

A. S. SULLIVAN,

G. W. CARLETON,

Committee of the Arcadian Club.

ARCADIAN CLUB

In accordance with the above correspondence, a reception will be held at the Club House on Thursday, February 12th, at 8 P. M.

HENRY G. STEBBINS,

President.

THOS. J. HALL, *Secretary.*

Arcadian Club.

February 12, 1874.



PROGRAMME

FOR THE

RECEPTION TO MR. PETER COOPER.

ON THE

Eighty-fourth Anniversary of his Birthday.



At half-past 8 o'clock, Introduction of Mr. COOPER,
By ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN.



Address by HENRY G. STEBBINS.



Ode, written for the occasion by
Mrs. MARY B. DODGE, read by CHARLES ROBERTS, Jr.



Response of Mr. COOPER.



Congratulatory Address by Pupils and Graduates of Cooper In-
stitute.



Addresses in response to the call of the President of the Club.



Speeches by Distinguished Guests.

PROGRAMME OF MUSIC.

DUO, Belisario, - - - - - Donizetti.

Mr. H. MILLARD, Mr. FRED. STEINS.

BALLAD, When the Swallows build, - - - - -

Mr. W. H. SWEET.

SONG, A Jolly Good Laugh, - - - - -

J. B. THOMAS.

SONG, The Stirrup-Cup, - - - - - Ardit.

Mr. W. H. DAVIS.

BALLAD, Across the Sands, - - - - - Millard.

Mr. MILLARD.

SONG, When the Tide comes in, - - - - - Millard.

Mr. STEINS.

DUO, Martha, - - - - - Flotow.

Mr. MILLARD, Mr. DAVIS.

Accompanists, Geo. W. Colby, E. Agramonte.

Serenade by Dodworth's Band, half-past 11 o'clock.

1. FACKELTANZ, No. 4, - - - - - Meyerbeer.

2. CAVATINA, Immenso Jehova, from Nabuco, - - - - - Verdi.

3. WALTZ, Artist's Life, - - - - - Strauss.

4. SELECTIONS, from La Fille de Mad. Angot, - - - - - Lecocq.

5. FINALE, "The Union," North, South, East, and West, - - - - - Dodworth.

The Art Contributions are by Pupils of the Cooper Institute.

Committee of Arrangement.

ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN, Chairman.

PARKE GODWIN,	CHARLES WATROUS,
EDWARDS PIERREPONT,	R. B. ROOSEVELT,
JNO. R. BRADY,	CLARENCE SEWARD,
SIDNEY WEBSTER,	J. B. SCRIBNER,
WM. H. VANDERBILT,	BENJ. K. PHELPS,
R. OGDEN DOREMUS,	JAS. F. RUGGLES,
LLOYD ASPINWALL,	GEO. W. CARLETON,
B. F. REINHART,	E. MORAN,
A. C. WHEELER,	GEO. W. HOWS,
ALBERT WEBER,	THOS. J. HALL,
CHARLES GAYLOR,	THOS. LE CLEAR,
HARRISON MILLARD,	J. M. BUNDY,
FREDERICK G. GEDNEY,	L. ISRAELS,
DOUGLAS CAMPBELL,	J. R. GARLAND,
M. DIEFENDORF,	T. E. BAKER,
M. A. COONEY,	H. D. PALMER,
JNO. N. LEWIS,	E. AGRAMONTE,
W. M. SOPER,	C. A. WELLES,
J. B. POLK,	P. S. GILMORE,
JAMES W. TOOLEY,	N. MONACHESI.

ADDRESSES.

SPEECH OF ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN.

MR. COOPER :

In poetry there is an imaginary flower that never fades. It is the amaranth, which, though born in the glow of fancy, always has the power of a reality. We know it unfolds its beauty as nowhere else in hearts where are well-springs of active charity, and in that atmosphere of grateful love which sweet charity ever inspires. As your pathway in life is self-bestrewn with these *immortelles*, they spring up in Arcadia to-night, mantling all her meadow banks and mountain slopes in welcome. They wreath themselves into all the associations, sympathies, and purposes of this tribute to you. They tell us of a good life, full of good purposes kindly and wisely executed ; a life diffusing blessed sunshine, and which, even to its later period, is a rich autumn ; a life which illustrates the meaning of the most perfect of Grecian games, whereat Athenian youths, bearing lighted torches, ran a race on the banks of the Ceramicus, and the victor was he who

not only first reached the goal, but who also kept his torch aflame all the way and at the end—a life so continuous in beneficence that its chronicle has the tone and almost the sacred melody of a psalm. This welcome, Mr. Cooper, and welcome upon welcome more fervent still superadded, and honors and congratulations a hundred-fold, outnumbering the more than fourscore anniversaries of your birthday, which we celebrate, make our salutations as I now formally present you to Mr. Stebbins, the President of the Arcadian Club.

Hon. Henry G. Stebbins, the President of the Club, then spoke as follows:

ADDRESS OF HON. HENRY G. STEBBINS.

GENTLEMEN:

We have come here to celebrate in some fitting way the eighty-fourth birthday of a citizen whom not only all New York, but all the country, would unite with us in honoring, were there some way by which our people could mingle their expressions with our own. In a strict sense we cannot add honors to Peter Cooper—we can only recognize the worth and beauty of a long life spent in the performance of uses to his fellows—a life whose beneficent influences will flow

far down the stream of Time—even were Cooper Institute destroyed, and its endowments lost forever.

In the presence of the scores of able and distinguished gentlemen who have come here at the invitation of the Arcadian Club, to participate in this earnest and heart-felt tribute to Mr. Cooper, it is needless for me, as the President of the Club, to do more than open and direct the exercises of the evening, for I see around me those who will in various ways join in eloquently expressing what we all feel. But it will be proper for me to present before you a brief review of what I consider the great gift of Mr. Cooper to his age and country—that is to say, a recital of the main features of his life.

PETER COOPER was born in the city of New York, February 12, 1791. His maternal grandfather, John Campbell, was alderman of New York, and a deputy-quartermaster during the Revolutionary War, and expended a considerable private fortune in the service of his country.

The early life of Mr. Cooper was one of great labors, struggles, and anxieties, as it is with most of our successful and prominent men in this country. He commenced in early boyhood to help his father in the manufacture of hats. He attended school only for

half of each day, for a single year; and, beyond this very humble instruction, his acquisitions were all his own. At the age of seventeen he was placed with John Woodward to learn the trade of coach-making. At this he served his apprenticeship, so much to the satisfaction of his master that he offered to set him up in his business; but this he declined, on account of the debt and obligation it would involve. The foundation of Mr. Cooper's fortune was laid in the opportune invention of an improvement in machines for shearing cloth, which was largely called into use during the War of 1812, when all importations of cloth from England were stopped. This lost its value on the declaration of peace. Then he turned his workshop to the manufacture of cabinet-ware; then he went into the grocery-business in New York; and subsequently he engaged in the manufacture of glue and isinglass, which he has carried on since for more than fifty years. During all this early life, notwithstanding a certain steady measure of success in business, he was made to feel the discipline of that "charity that begins at home;" he also felt its rewards. His father having proved unsuccessful in business, and having a large family to support, was largely assisted in this by young Cooper. In this very brief sketch it is impossible to give the details of Mr. Cooper's private

life; it is possible only to give the salient points of his life, and his principal achievements and enterprises.

Mr. Cooper's attention was early called to the great resources of this country for the manufacture of iron. In 1830 he erected iron-works at Canton, within the limits of the city of Baltimore. Subsequently, he erected a rolling and a wire mill in the city of New York, in which he first successfully applied anthracite to the puddling of iron. In 1845 he removed the machinery and shops to Trenton, New Jersey, where he eventually erected the largest rolling-mill, at that time, in the United States for the manufacture of railroad-iron. In these works he was the first to roll wrought-iron beams for fire-proof buildings. These works have grown to be very extensive—including mines, blast-furnaces, and water-power—and are now carried on by a company, of which Mr. Cooper was the President. While in Baltimore, in the year 1830, Mr. Cooper built after his own designs the first locomotive that was ever turned out on this continent. Although a "small affair," as he termed it, this engine was successfully operated on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. It was built specially to demonstrate the practicability of turning short curves—a very important question at that time in determining the feasibility of building railroads at all in a new

and a rough country, so as to avoid the enormous expense of tunneling, and preserving a straight line.

Next we find Mr. Cooper taking a great interest and investing a large capital in the extension of the electric telegraph. He was the first and only President of the New York, Newfoundland, and London Telegraph Company, which was the first ocean-telegraph company organized, and continued in existence for fifteen years. He became also President of the American Telegraphic Company, and of the North American Telegraph Association, which at one time represented and governed more than two-thirds of all the lines in the United States. He was one of the first expedition to lay an Atlantic cable in 1857, and, though this enterprise partially failed at that time, it was the pioneer of final success. Mr. Cooper, also, was early interested in the canal navigation of the State of New York, and made experiments in substituting other than horse-power in the propulsion of boats. One of these methods has lately been revived with great success by Mr. Welch, in passing boats through the locks of the Delaware and Raritan Canal by means of an endless chain driven by the force of elevated water. He has lately instituted some expensive experiments in navigating the canal by steam, in the expectation of bringing the products of the West

to the New York market cheaper than by any other means of transportation. These experiments are yet in progress, with hopeful results. Mr. Cooper has served in both branches of the Common Council of New York, and was a prominent advocate of the construction of the Croton Aqueduct. He early became a trustee of the Public School Society of New York, and, when that was merged in the Board of Education, he became a School Commissioner.

But the most cherished object of Mr. Cooper's life, early conceived, and faithfully carried out as soon as his means permitted, was the establishment of an institution for the instruction of the industrial classes during the evening, or at their leisure from work ; or in the preparation of youth for some industrial pursuit. This was felt by himself to be the great want of his early life. But there were other than personal motives for such an institution. He soon perceived that something else was needed than the common school, the academy, or the college, to answer the great educational wants of the American people. He saw that these institutions, already flourishing in the land, could not supply that technological and practical education needed in a land of invention and republican institutions, and needing, above all other countries, an intelligent and well-instructed population. Besides,

the mass of youth must very early leave the school in order to earn their living, and instruction must be given them, if at all, without interrupting their industries. As an example of this class of schools, and to meet what he deemed a great want in our American system of education, Mr. Cooper established the institution called the Cooper Union. In the year 1854 he laid the foundation of the building at the junction of the Third and Fourth Avenues, "to be forever devoted to the union of Science and Art, in its application to the useful purposes of life." This institution has grown under his fostering hand, and that of the trustees of his appointment, until, at the present time, it enrolls twenty-five hundred scholars on the lists of its different schools. It has a School of Art for females, taught in the daytime, and one of Science and Art in the evening, for young men, to which women are admitted only in the scientific departments. In the day-schools for women, are taught drawing, painting, photography in all its branches, from the chemical preparation of the "negative," to the last touches of the "positive," with paint or crayon. Wood-engraving is made a special branch of instruction; also telegraphy, with the coöperation of the Western Union Telegraph Company, is thoroughly taught, and places found for the young women as soon as they become

proficient. In the evening Schools of Science and Art, the mathematics are taught in their application to practical engineering and mechanics, also practical and analytic chemistry in the laboratory, and lectures are given on the different subjects of natural philosophy, with astronomy. In the Department of Art, drawing is taught in all its branches; free-hand drawing, architectural, mechanical, and drawing from cast and life, besides painting, and modeling in clay. All this instruction is absolutely free. Besides these free Schools, the Cooper Union contains one of the largest reading-rooms in the country, furnished with all the principal periodicals and papers, foreign as well as domestic, and a library of about ten thousand volumes. An average of twenty-five hundred persons a day resort to this free Reading-room and Library. Free courses of lectures are also given in one of the largest halls of New York, which the same building contains, and often draw upward of two thousand people to hear lectures by some of the most accomplished lecturers on subjects of popular science, social, economic, or natural and philosophic.

Mr. Cooper is now, in 1874, in his eighty-fourth year, and still possessed of remarkable strength and activity of mind for his years—still interested in progress, reforms, inventions, and full of sympathy with

all that can contribute to the happiness of his fellow-men.

It is such a career as this—so full of patient toil, of well-directed inventiveness, of efforts to add to the appliances of our civilization, of devotion to the public good, and of genuine charity toward all men—that we are assembled here to bring freshly before ourselves and others, and to commend to all citizens of our great Republic.

The reply of Mr. Cooper, listened to very attentively, and frequently applauded, is given below. His remarks here, and subsequently in reply to the congratulatory address of the graduates and undergraduates of the Cooper Institute, and to the more privately expressed congratulations of his many friends during the evening, were full of that kindly feeling and whole-souled common-sense and amiability that have always marked the man.

REPLY OF MR. PETER COOPER.

MR. PRESIDENT, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE ARCADIAN CLUB:

For the gracious manner, and kindly words, in which you have made me welcome to your hospitable home, and more hospitable hearts, be so good as to accept my cordial thanks; none the less sincere, in that

they come from a heart in which the pulsations of eighty-three years have not enfeebled the appreciation of deeds of generosity and kindness.

When the suggestion of the honor which you designed for me was communicated to me, I confess I was reluctant to accede to your wishes, because my acceptance seemed to imply a consciousness, on my part, of desert, which I did not feel; and my reluctance was only overcome by the assurance that the recognition which you desired to make of my life-long desire to do my duty to the city of my birth, and to my fellow-men, might be useful in helping others, and especially the young, to do their duty in a community in which so much depends upon the voluntary actions of its individual members.

If, then, I have done or accomplished any thing, which really merits your good opinion, let me say at once, and for all, that I have found and received full compensation in the satisfaction which I have derived from the consciousness of duty performed; and that the experience of a long life enables me to say that money and efforts expended for the general good are a better-paying investment than any possible expenditure for personal gratification. In looking back, however, over my life, I am compelled to make a remark, in which most aged persons will sympathize, and that

is, how much I have seen come to pass, and how little I have been able to do in a long career, the cardinal rule of which has been to render some equivalent to society, in some useful form of labor, for each day of my existence.

When I was born, New York contained 33,331 inhabitants. The upper limits of the city were at Chambers Street. Not a single free school, either by day or night, existed. General Washington had just entered upon his first term as President of the United States, the whole annual expenditures of which did not exceed \$2,500,000, being about sixty cents per head of the population. Not a single steam-engine had yet been built or erected on the American Continent; and the people were clad in homespun, and were characterized by the simple virtues and habits which are usually associated with that primitive garb. I need not tell you what the country now is, and what the habits and the garments of its people now are, or that the expenditure, *per capita*, of the General Government has increased fifteen-fold. But I have witnessed and taken a deep interest in every step of the marvelous development and progress which have characterized this century beyond all the centuries which have gone before.

Measured by the achievements of the years I have

seen, I am one of the oldest men who have ever lived ; but I do not feel old, and I propose to give the recipe by which I have preserved my youth.

I have always given a friendly welcome to new ideas, and I have endeavored not to feel too old to learn—and, thus, though I stand here with the snows of so many winters upon my head, my faith in human nature, my belief in the progress of man to a better social condition, and especially my trust in the ability of men to establish and maintain self-government, are as fresh and as young as when I began to travel the path of life.

While I have always recognized that the object of business is to make money in an honorable manner, I have endeavored to remember that the object of life is to do good. Hence I have been ready to engage in all new enterprises, and, without incurring debt, to risk the means which I had acquired in their promotion, provided they seemed to me calculated to advance the general good. This will account for my early attempt to perfect the steam-engine, for my attempt to construct the first American locomotive, for my connection with the telegraph in a course of efforts to unite our country with the European world, and for my recent efforts to solve the problem of economical steam-navigation on the canals; to all of which you have so kindly re-

ferred. It happens to but few men to change the current of human progress, as it did to Watt, to Fulton, to Stephenson, and to Morse; but most men may be ready to welcome laborers to a new field of usefulness, and to clear the road for their progress.

This I have tried to do, as well in the perfecting and execution of their ideas, as in making such provision as my means have permitted for the proper education of the young mechanics and citizens of my native city, in order to fit them for the reception of new ideas, social, mechanical, and scientific; hoping thus to economize and expand the intellectual as well as the physical forces, and provide a larger fund for distribution among the various classes which necessarily make up the total of society.

I feel that Nature has provided bountifully for the wants of all men, and that we need only knowledge, scientific, political, and religious, and self-control, in order to eradicate the evils under which society has suffered in all ages. Let me say, then, in conclusion, that my experience of life has not dimmed my hopes for humanity; that my sun is not setting in clouds and darkness; but is going down cheerfully in a clear firmament lighted up by the glory of God, who should always be venerated and loved, as the infinite source and fountain of all Light — Life — Power — Wisdom, and Goodness.

Gentlemen, I again thank you, one and all, for the great honor and the personal kindness implied in this reception, which I frankly confess to be one of the pleasantest features of a busy life.

SPEECH OF THE HON. CHARLES P. DALY, PRESIDING
JUDGE OF NEW YORK COMMON PLEAS.

MR. CHAIRMAN :

It is with very great pleasure that I participate in the proceedings to-night. The men who have founded institutions for the benefit of the public have generally been those who have bequeathed their property for such purposes after their death. The number who have given the bulk of their fortune during their lives for such an object have been comparatively few, and the number fewer still who have survived to witness the results of their munificence. The venerable gentleman in whose honor this reception is given to-night is one of that rare number. I believe that I am right in stating that, when the Cooper Institute was completed, paid for, and devoted to the public use, Mr. Cooper had parted with the bulk of his available fortune ; that what he had left was mainly the business which he had successfully established and made remunerative by his probity, enterprise, and untiring industry. When the traveler who passes through Mar-

seilles is shown the Aqueduct which supplies the city with water, he is told that it was the gift of an *abbé* who passed his whole life in the then detested practice of loaning money at large and usurious rates of interest, that he might accumulate sufficient to enable him to make this munificent gift to his native city. The story runs that he was for many years so obnoxious from his calling, that he durst not venture in the public streets, without being pursued and hooted; that, when he reached about the age of Mr. Cooper, he assembled his fellow-citizens together, and informed them that, when a boy, he was moved at seeing the burden imposed upon the poor people who had had to go a great distance out of the city to get and carry into it, for their consumption, so essential a thing as water, and that he then resolved to devote his whole life to remedy it. That he submitted to them the plans for the Aqueduct, the cost of which he had estimated, placed the means to build it in the hands of the public authorities, but was not destined to witness the consummation of the labor of his life, having died before the Aqueduct was completed.

Mr. Cooper has been more fortunate than the self-sacrificing *abbé*. He has not only lived to see his work completed—to see the public in the full and grateful enjoyment of it—but to find his munificence

rewarded by increased prosperity, which has enabled him to engage in other enterprises, and to promote, by his influence and his means, innumerable other public objects. He has, in his remarks to-night, given us the recipe for a long and useful life like his own, and I think I cannot better conclude what I have to say, than by quoting, in connection with the sentiment conveyed in his closing remarks, two of the verses of a little poem, written by the poet Southey, about the time when Mr. Cooper was a boy :

“You are old, Father William,” the young man cried,
 “The few locks which are left you are gray.
 You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.”
 “In the days of my youth,” Father William replied,
 “I remembered that youth would fly fast;
 And abused not my health and my vigor at first,
 That I never might need them at last.”

“You are old, Father William,” the young man cried,
 “And life must be hastening away;
 You are cheerful, and love in the present to live,
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.”
 “I am cheerful, young man,” Father William replied,
 “Let the cause thy attention engage;
 In the days of my youth I remembered my God,
 And He hath not forgotten my age.”

The Rev. Dr. McCosh then spoke as follows :

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. McCOSH, PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON COLLEGE.

MR. PRESIDENT :

What has brought together this large, intelligent, and influential meeting? Have we met here merely to express our admiration of a rich man, of one who has accumulated millions of money? I believe that the people of New York are quite enough addicted to the worship of money, but I tell you that we have assembled this evening not to pay respect to wealth, but to wealth which has been honestly won, and is being beneficently expended. No money could have purchased the heart-homage which we this night pay. You might have attracted a larger audience by lower motives, but we now present have come here to testify our admiration and approbation of worth—I will say, of worth of the very highest order. We have in Mr. Cooper the example of one who has earned all that he possesses, in the most honorable manner; one on whom no reproach can be laid that he ever did a mean or dishonorable act. And then we have the fact that he has devoted the wealth which he has earned by his shrewdness, by his industry, by his high character, to the very highest of purposes. There is scarcely a scheme, fitted to promote the material welfare of this

country, in which he has not had his share, seeking especially to promote the rapidity of communication from one part of the country to another, and from one country to another. But certainly the crowning effort of his life has been the establishment and endowment of the Cooper Institute. He has thus set the noble example of a man employing his wealth, not for selfish ends, but to promote the best interests of his fellow-men, especially of the rising generation. And he has not, like too many who have founded such institutions, kept his money to himself all his life, and then left it in his will to do good when he could no longer retain it: but he has expended it in his own lifetime. And he has done what I reckon is still more important; he has not only given the money when he was alive, but he has himself administered it. That I regard as of even higher value; for how often does it happen, when men leave large sums after their death, for the purpose of endowing institutions, that in the course of a few years those to whom their management is confided take precious little interest in the cause, and the funds are wasted in jobbing, and not unfrequently flagrant corruption! Mr. Cooper has not only given us of his wealth, but, what is of more importance, he has employed his time in seeing that it is properly distributed. And I know this the better, be-

cause of my own personal experience. Some time ago I thought of sending some members of my family to the Institute for instruction, and I remember, when I came into the building to make inquiries as to how I could get what I wished, I fell in with Mr. Cooper himself, and at once saw and felt that he was as diligently employed in watching over the interests of this institution as if he were a paid agent. It was thus and then I made his acquaintance, and I found him a man distinguished for his great modesty and for his obliging manners. What he has done thus comes doubly recommended: it is a benevolent deed, and it was a deed done by one whom we are constrained to love. Some of the good mathematicians that the Cooper Institute has produced, if you give them the materials, could tell you how much money Mr. Cooper possesses; but I tell you one thing that they could not calculate, that no one can calculate, and that is, the amount of good that may be expected to flow from this institution. For, mark you, its chief work is among young men and young women, at the most important, the critical period of their lives. The son of a tradesman or a farmer comes to the great city to engage in some trade or branch of business. He comes here friendless, perhaps, with the rudiments of a fair, or possibly a good education. Without an institution

such as this, he would soon lose the ground he has gained. But he is encouraged to go to these classes, and as he attends them he has his mind enlarged and his tastes refined—for the training of the intellect and of the artistic imagination are beautifully combined in this institution—and there he lays the foundation of his future prosperity; not of his prosperity in a worldly sense alone, but in a higher sense also—as an intellectual man, as a man destined to sway the community, and to do good in his day and generation. I look forward beyond the important results that will thus flow from the two thousand or twenty-five hundred persons who annually attend these classes; beyond even the twenty-five thousand who have received instruction in this institution: I contemplate these young men handing down what they have received to the generations to come, and thus it will descend, as I trust and believe, from age to age. The good deed that our dear friend has done, and the example that he has set, will thus go down to the latest generation. I can conceive, sir, some of these young men, inspired by this example, and feeling as Mr. Cooper has felt, saying to themselves, “May not I follow his example?” and, exercising the same industry and the same integrity, and swayed by the same benevolence that he has been, one or more of them may rise to the same wealth that he

so nobly employs, and what he did when he got this wealth they will do when they get like wealth; and so we shall see other institutions like this rising in this town and throughout this country, to elevate and bless our country.

I am speaking as a representative of Princeton College. I told the college that I was coming here, and they send through me their congratulations to this meeting. So, in the name of one of the old colleges of this country, I say that Mr. Cooper is working in the same field, and for the same good end, that we are. I will not allow for one moment that such institutions as the Cooper Institute can alone educate the country. We must have our elementary schools, and then we must have our colleges for the higher education of our best minds. I have been laboring, since I came to this country, to raise the standard of education, and to make our collegiate institutions equal to the best in England or Germany. That should be the aim that we collegiate men should keep steadily before us. But, then, all men cannot have the advantages of a college-life. Some one proposed to Sir Walter Scott that learned and cultivated men should marry only learned and cultivated women, and showed what a grand state of the world that would make. But Sir Walter shook his head, and said he had great doubts about the bene-

fits of separating this class of men and women from all others ; and I believe that you people in New York will maintain you cannot afford to send all our young men to universities, or all our young women to ladies' colleges. But why should not those who are engaged in the ordinary occupations of life, who are tradesmen, who work in stores, who are apprentices in the various branches of business, and even in the learned professions, why should not they have the means of carrying on their education ? why should not they have the opportunity of cultivating their minds to the highest point ? I believe that, out of just such agency, there will here and there spring up a man—though perhaps not as many as in our colleges—who will rise to great intellectual eminence and usefulness. Take, for instance, such a man as my countryman—Robert Burns ; what would not he have given for such advantages ? Or what would not my friend Hugh Miller have given, at the critical period of his life, to have received the instruction of the lectures at this institution ? We cannot over-estimate the importance of educating thus highly a select few, which select few may have an influence, in their own day and in other days, over the whole country and over the whole world.

The following Ode, written by Mrs. MARY B. DODGE, was read by Mr. CHARLES ROBERTS, JR. :

O D E .

P R E L U D E .

I.

BLAND Peloponnesian air across the bay
 Is wafted hither,
 Bright with a sunbeam from Arcadia,
 Wooing me thither;
 What soul may question when the wind and sun
 Invite to heights they love to rest upon ?

"Come," said a shepherd's voice, "your music lend;
 We lack the ringing
 Of birthday bells, to greet the people's friend,
 And wait your singing."
 And so, because the mountain-folks decreed,
 I tune my harp in hope to meet their need.

Yet, if a protest, running o'er the strings,
 Still tremulous lingers,
 I pray, by him I sing—whose unseen wings
 Stir willing fingers—
 That you forget the movement in the theme—
 The subject, through all discords, held supreme !

For is not love, encircling love, my theme ?
 Embodied kindness,
 Of one whose more than fourscore years redeem
 The seeming blindness
 Of selfish nature, which, on climbing bent,
 Sees not to help the weak in its ascent !

Sees not, or cares not, to illumine the way,
 For others' guiding,
 Whose stumbling steps had wellnigh lost the day,
 Through darkness gliding,
 But for a love unstinted in its gift—
 And honoring which, I dare my voice to lift.

T H E M E .

II.

The while we welcome one with reverend head,
 As dear, as hoary,
 The mazes of his boyhood we must thread,
 To tell the story,
 Of earnest living that is rounded now,
 Into a wreath of palm-leaves for his brow.

We see a fearless youth whose ruddy veins,
 In joyous swelling,
 Show blood bequeathed from liberty's campaigns,
 Though humbly dwelling
 In one too poor his sphere in life to choose,
 Too proud, a favor that might gall, to use.

We see him bravely strive, unaided, lone,
 Beyond mere duty,
 To win the price by which he yet may own
 The keys of beauty—
 Athene's beauty, from his grasp withheld,
 To which the motions of his mind impelled.

We see him seeking up and down the streets,
 Then faintlier lighted,
 For that which now the seeker quickly meets;
 Sore, sore benighted

Was poverty, indeed ! Not one free school
A fair exception then, though now the rule.

We see him struggling still, for Wisdom's crumbs,
And ever yearning
For more than to his eager palate comes :
Ah ! royal learning
Was amply spread for jeweled fools to spurn,
Or spread for all, whose gold made sure return.

But for the poor was naught ! though service true,
Their priests might render :
And by the range of pain this large soul knew
In years yet tender,
Did he desire—and dream—of wealth to give,
That other souls through him might feast and live.

To hold white bread of life, he would build up
For all the starving,
A sacred shrine ; and for pure wine a cup,
Of rarer carving
Than even the cup which won Cellini's fame ;
This mystic censer wrought of living flame !

And reverent hands should never be forbade
To lift the covers,
And reverent eyes in gazing should be glad
As eyes of lovers,
Who see the promise of their patient prayer,
And fairer grow absorbed in what is fair.

III.

The dream once entertained, it grew and grew,
Despite of toiling ;
And after thirty years had passed, it knew

No taint of soiling,
 But loomed a fairy temple in his soul,
 By fancy's angels held in wise control.

Yet—true as stars are true to one fixed thought
 Through quiet seeming,
 Little by little, step by step, he brought
 From airy dreaming,
 The vision, till substantialized in walls,
 Rule Art and Science in its generous halls.

True, true as stars are true to central suns,
 From first to latest,
 And radiant light outpour from hidden thrones,
 —Perhaps the greatest
 He seems to us, when abrogating power,
 He placed in trust for all this regal dower.

And wrote a gospel for the world to see,
 In more than granite,
 That 'tis our highest privilege to free
 A soul, and fan it
 To lustre for God's hand—as Nature fans
 And feeds the crystal, furthering His plans.

'Tis thus the Institute, our city's boast,
 Which we inherit,
 Grows fairer in each feature, modeled most
 Upon the spirit
 Of him, who though withdrawn from its command,
 Still sways by gentle grace of heart and hand.

On widest culture is no limit laid ;
 Nor ever vexes
 That weary question, weighed and overweighed,
 Of right of sexes—

For all may here their urns for fullness bring,
 Since equal flows for all an equal spring.

Nor age, condition, color, meets rebuff,
 If but obeying
 The "still, small voice" of conscience; 'tis enough
 For love's repaying,
 To follow when the whispered music calls,
 Up to the light from ignorance that enthralls.

IV.

Ah! happy he, whose face beholds the joy
 Of them he blesses;
 Brave hearts rain thanks on him without alloy,
 And soft caresses
 Of woman's eye and lip are heard to say,
 "Our tenderest friend is he you greet to-day."

Sweet, sweeter than bright hope appears to one
 Before completion
 Must be this fragrant blooming 'neath the sun,
 In rare fruition
 Of faith, which even as Simeon lived to see,
 Thou see'st, O Sage, a blest reality!

V.

But not alone in education's path,
 Thy step is shining;
 No iron horse that snorts with seeming wrath,
 Yet force refining,
 But owns, its sire, the first-born of our shore,
 Was touched to life by thee! And blessings more—

Ay, more than lyric song with tuneful ease
 May breathe in numbers,
 —Loath to o'erlay its simple harmonies
 With thought that cumpers—
 Could the heroic poem tell of him,
 Whose benedictions flow in broadening stream.

But not for skill of brain—though rich for praise—
 Our fullest chorus!
 The homage crimsoning our lips, obeys
 That sweet power o'er us,
 Which comes of thy devotedness to Truth—
 Thy aim to bless by it, begun in youth!

And for thine insight into Wisdom's end,
 Held clear and clearer,
 We closely clasp thy hand, O helpful friend!
 And ever dearer
 We prize the presence whose large sight can see,
 "The smallest good rise to Infinity."

We know a life like thine is not in vain,
 And spread our pinions
 By its sure flight—in hope at last to gain
 Pure Love's dominions,
 Where selfish thought forever is unknown,
 And rings for such as thou, God's pæan, "Well done!"

ADDRESS TO MR. COOPER BY THE VERY REV. WM.
 QUINN, VICAR-GENERAL.

SIR:

I come at the call of the distinguished President of
 the Arcadian Club, without warning or preparation,
 still not reluctantly, to offer to you my congratulations

on reaching your eighty-fourth anniversary. In doing this, I only feebly unite my imperfect accents with the eloquent addresses in prose and poetry, to which we have all listened with so much pleasure and delight. I come as one of this vast assemblage that now surrounds you, and expresses, in language more eloquent than words, their hearty congratulations and their admiration for a life so usefully spent, and, in its general character, so generously devoted to works intended to confer great benefits upon a large and very worthy class of your fellow-citizens, whose circumstances in life would have, in many instances, rendered their efforts unavailing without your generous aid. A kind Providence has given you, what is denied to most men, great length of years. We may, indeed, claim you as a venerable Patriarch in our midst, not feeble in body or weakened in mind, but still fresh with the glow of youth on your cheek, and with a step and a voice that give no signs of feeble old age. As representing, to some extent, a large class in this community who have derived great advantages from the Schools of Art and Science which by your generosity you have established, and by your liberality you have sustained for many years, and still support, I tender the grateful expression of their lasting obligations. While you have opened for them and others, with a

generous hand, a path that may lead to great mental improvement, and also to the enjoyment of those comforts in life which may be sought by the skilled artisan as the just rewards of his labor, his industry, and perseverance, you give without ostentation the example of your own life, as an illustration of the success that may be attained under disadvantages that few now have to meet and overcome. I am persuaded that such examples in the different walks of life exercise a powerful influence on the public mind, and inspire an ambition which injures none, but which adds largely to the development and refinement of that which constitutes a well-ordered state of society. I must not detain you, or the distinguished gentlemen I see here before me and on every side, by many words. I will only add the wish, which I know is on the lips of all, that many more years may still be in store for you to crown your works with increasing merits, and to receive the well-earned respect of the people of your native city.

The graduates and former students of the Cooper Union were represented by a delegation from their number, consisting of Wm. Kurtz, John A. Taylor, Thos. J. Parker, Rob't Scott, D. H. Ives, M. H. Beers, August Doerflinger, Joseph P. Smyth, and Anthony A. Griffin.

Mr. Ives was selected to deliver the following address :

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN :

In behalf of the graduates and former students of the Cooper Union, I beg leave to tender through you, sir, to the Arcadian Club, their grateful acknowledgments for the privilege of participating in a demonstration so memorable and appropriate.

Though the theme is an inviting one, I shall not presume, in this presence, to attempt to add to the touching and eloquent tributes of respect and admiration which have been conferred to-night upon your honored guest and our revered benefactor.

I ask your indulgence, however, while briefly referring to the institution which he has planned so wisely, and endowed so munificently. I venture to speak of it, because none but those who have enjoyed its benefits can fully conceive its magnitude and importance, and its eminent adaptability to the wants and character of the community.

The intense activity and progress of the age ; the thickening conflict between Labor and Capital ; the deplorable decadence of public virtue that permeates every channel of official life, and which imperils the prosperity, nay, the perpetuity of our free institutions,

all demand a more thorough and broader culture for the masses.

The Cooper Union nobly responds to that demand. It is practically a free night college, where a thorough technical and scientific education is offered to all who have the wisdom to appreciate, and the capacity to acquire it.

The signal success that has attended it in the past, as well as the daily increasing pressure upon all its departments, indicates alike the clear conception of the founder in adequately providing for the people's well-being, and their high estimation of the opportunities presented by his benefactions.

Aside from the hundreds who have daily availed themselves of its spacious Reading-room and Library, and the throngs who have weekly attended its series of popular lectures for the people, during the fifteen years it has been in operation, nearly twenty-five thousand students have received instruction in one or more of its departments. They were of both sexes, and of all avocations, and ranging from youth to the verge of age. They were not solely from this great city, for considerable numbers attended each evening from the surrounding cities.

Those who, after the labors of the day, thus pursued their studies far into the silent watches of the

night, demonstrated that, with them, the acquisition of knowledge is a pleasure, not a task—a privilege as well as a duty.

It were wellnigh superfluous to dwell upon the effect of such instruction upon their after-lives. If they are not faithless to their trusts, nor forgetful that they have responsibilities commensurate with their advantages, they will win their way to positions of usefulness and respectability. They can never fail in sympathy with man, nor falter in duty to country or allegiance to God, while they are true and loyal to the principles there inculcated.

And now, Mr. Cooper, in the name of those whom I have the honor to represent, and who are always proud to acknowledge how largely they attribute to you whatever of success they attain in their respective walks of life, in their name, sir, I bring you greetings on this the anniversary of your natal day.

Though over you have sped three more than four-score winters, we congratulate you that you are still blessed in so remarkable a degree with vigor of body and of mind. That a gracious Providence has bountifully lengthened out your days until the cherished purposes of your life are so amply and nobly commemorated. That you can look back with pride upon the trials and struggles of a long and eventful career, through-

out which your heart never wavered, nor your hand wearied, until you had reared an institution which, on through remote ages, is to advance science, and art, and "whatsoever things are true" among men, and that shall place its founder in the foreground among those who—

" Earn names that win

Happy remembrance from the great and good—

Names that shall sink not in Oblivion's flood,

But with clear music, like a church-bell's chime,

Sound through the river's sweep of onward rushing Time."

The present students of Cooper Union were represented by a delegation consisting of George H. T. Doggett, J. William George, George K. Nevan, Charles Seebach, Patrick Doody, Lawrence Van Wyck, George Ott, George F. Hirseman, Michael J. Kelly, Edgar F. Hallock, James S. Richards, Thomas B. Dyer, George F. Merchant, and James Fitzgerald. Mr. Fitzgerald delivered this address to Mr. Cooper:

HONORED SIR:

Selected to represent more than twelve hundred students at present connected with the evening classes of the Cooper Union, my colleagues and myself find words inadequate to properly express our appreciation of the honor conferred upon us in being invited by

the Arcadian Club to testify before this assemblage to the value of the benefaction which has made your name synonymous with philanthropy.

This occasion seems to us to suggest the thought that your life has been prolonged, in the full enjoyment of your mental and much of your bodily vigor, to witness the successful operation of the Institute you so disinterestedly labored to found.

Experiencing in early life the difficulties with which young men have to contend, when engaged in the struggle for self-support without the proper preparatory education, you determined even then to labor to acquire wealth, not for the indulgence of self-gratification, but that you might establish an institution where instruction and appliances, free of expense, would be furnished to all.

Through years of incessant and unrelenting toil, amid all the varied and harassing cares of a most active life, this purpose was ever kept steadily in view.

The Cooper Union stands to-day the monument of your fidelity to the resolve of your youth, as it will be the lasting proof of your philanthropy, your humanity, and your patriotism.

From our own experience we can bear unreserved testimony to the fact that no institution with which

we have been connected more thoroughly conforms to the wants of those for whose benefit it was designed.

Perfectly unsectarian, no other qualification is demanded of the applicant than an earnest desire to take advantage of the opportunities afforded ; and I may add that the liberal policy conceived by yourself has been faithfully carried out by the Trustees.

To expatiate upon the work accomplished by the Cooper Union is unnecessary.

In the evening Schools of Science and Art, which we represent here to-night, the higher mathematics and their applications, natural science and chemistry, drawing, of both artistic and scientific character, and the proper expression of original ideas in language, are taught annually to thousands of young men and women from all parts of the country. We pray that the privileges extended to us by your liberality may be continued for the benefit of generations yet to come.

Long may the schools you have founded exert their beneficent influences upon our community !

Such philanthropy as yours is the outgrowth of modern civilization, and must be accepted as a sure indication of the harmonizing influences of that higher progress we rely upon the future to thoroughly develop.

It is not too much to say that had the virtues which you have exhibited throughout the course of your career been displayed twenty-five centuries ago, the name of their possessor would have come down to us among those of the fabulous beings whom the unenlightened veneration of their countrymen elevated to the ranks of their deities.

A purer religion, while preventing such a consequence in our day, has taught us to regard your life, with its long record of inventive industry, sobriety, honesty, unselfish ambition, and intelligent philanthropy, as a model we may hope to feebly imitate, but cannot aspire to equal.

We congratulate ourselves, we congratulate the Arcadian Club, we congratulate the community, for this opportunity of offering a tribute of respect and love on the completion of the eighty-third year of your life.

ADDRESS OF HON. L. B. WOODRUFF, JUDGE OF THE
UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT.

JUDGE WOODRUFF began by alluding to the high character of Mr. Cooper, who, he said, had come to be noticed and honored as the benefactor of this great city, distinguished for high integrity, persevering, faithful industry, promptness to all engagements, fidelity to

all trusts, prudence in all habits. But that evening he had felt that, while they all paid honor to their friend, he had been, to a larger extent than they cared to admit it, a reproach to his fellow-citizens; and that was why he stood out now so prominently commanding our admiration and respect—because so few make an equally noble use of their wealth.

Judge Woodruff continued: "I can hardly add, by words, to the eulogies that have been passed upon his life and character. I can only say that my own heart responds to them in the fullest degree. But I desire to turn your attention for one moment from the individual and his life and history to the great influence which he has wrought, and is working, and will work to the end of time, upon the destinies of the city of New York. Have you considered, gentlemen, when you have contemplated the Cooper Institute and its work among the young to save them from ignorance, and to save them from ignorance under such conditions as saves them from vice as well, and makes them good citizens—have you considered how every one of those who derive the benefit of his benefactions grows up to spread a constantly widening influence for good, to promote the welfare of the community at large, to stay the progress of vice, to improve the condition of morals in this city of New York? And in this day, when our

papers and our parlors are so rife with the topic of public corruption, I think I may say that it is to be the proudest monument of the life and memory of our distinguished friend, that he has set on foot here, in this city, a train of influences that are to work good through all coming generations."

ADDRESS OF HON. ANDREW D. WHITE, PRESIDENT
OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

MR. CHAIRMAN:

When your summons reached me just now I was renewing an old college friendship with one of your members whose verse we have all enjoyed—Mr. Edmund C. Stedman. Among you, too, I note another friend of those old days, Mr. Phelps, your vigorous District Attorney; and I may be permitted to say that this festival to-night is the culmination of the first philosophic studies of all three of us—ending most auspiciously what was begun most unsatisfactorily.

For the first duty which we three undertook together as classmates was a study of the charms and glories of old age, and under the guidance of the greatest of philosophic orators, no less a personage than Cicero himself.

While in that study we gave a tacit adhesion to

the arguments of the treatise *De Senectute*. I am quite sure that we felt in our hearts that the great orator had not made out his case. There were admirable arguments to show that old age is to be longed for and loved, to prove that it is the most delightful part of life, the best worth having, the only part on earth worthy of man's highest condition—still we remained unconvinced. Nor do I think that any one ever rose from that book convinced of any such beauty and desirableness in old age.

Possibly in our own case the matter was made worse by a tutor who thought far more of expounding Zumpt's grammar than Cicero's philosophy; but certain it is that after this study we turned all the more eagerly to the pursuits of youth, and determined all the more resolutely to keep out of our thoughts old age and all its belongings.

But what the orator and philosopher could not impart now stands clearly revealed to us. After what we have seen this evening, old age puts on a very different appearance. In this eighty-fourth birthday of our friend are a beauty and a joy such as the great Roman never depicted.

The secret of this revelation is not hard to find. I remember gaining an inkling of it some years since, as I read that famous correspondence between Thomas

Jefferson and John Adams as they approached the end of life—noble, long life that it was to both of them.

In one of his letters Jefferson says: "I sometimes look back over my life to see if the world is any better for my having lived in it." He then names two or three things which he has done—his efforts for education being especially prominent—and the remembrance seems to throw a cheerful light over him which is reflected upon his correspondent.

In that letter you have an inkling of the revelation which the great Roman, with all his power of thought, never made.

And that revelation is completed for us to-night by these tributes to our friend Mr. Cooper. Most nobly, most thoroughly, does this high festival teach us the secret of a happy old age. All those ancient arguments mainly resolve themselves into Epicureanism or Stoicism, in various grades, and are unsatisfactory; but our friend has demonstrated that a happy old age is to be obtained by a life devoted to the good of his fellow-men: thereby has he kept happiness aglow within his own heart and soul; thereby has he radiated it upon all about him. He has revealed the secret, he has taught the lesson.

And now, in behalf of an institution one part of which is devoted to technological studies, in behalf of

its trustees, its faculty, its students, as truly as if I bore in my hand their credentials, most heartily do I congratulate you, Mr. Cooper, upon this anniversary, and wish you many returns of this happy day.

By special request, the following poem was read by Prof. J. C. Zachos, as a tribute to Mr. Cooper:

THE CONTENDING SPIRITS.

I.

I SAW two Spirits on the earth descending,
 Standing on either side an aged man;
 O'er him like Cherubim their wings extending,
 In low, sweet voice a dialogue began.
 One, robed in radiant white, pure love reflecting,
 A heavenly happiness diffused around;
 The other, lovely, rainbow-clad, depicting
 The beauteous flowers and verdure of the ground.

II.

The Heavenly Angel, to the Earthly speaking:
 "I claim from thee this patriarchal man;
 His life, dear sister, long within thy keeping,
 I come to carry back where life began.
 From thence I bring this robe of life immortal—
 A golden legend, blazoned on the zone;
 A talisman to open heaven's portal,
 My good and faithful servant, 'tis '*Well done.*'"

III.

Earth's guardian Spirit answered then, but weeping,
 In suppliant voice beseechingly began:

“Oh, leave him yet awhile within my keeping;
 We cannot spare him yet from earth or man.
 He is the fountain of a river, flowing
 In streams of charity through all the land;
 He is a beacon-light, continual glowing,
 To guide aright youth's vacillating band.

IV.

“Oh, leave him, Sister Seraph, in my keeping;
 Oh, lengthen out still more his glorious span
 Of charity—repeating and repeating
 Unselfish deeds to selfish brother man.”
 “’Tis well,” the Heavenly Spirit said, “’tis well,
 I leave him with thee yet awhile to dwell.”
 “’Tis well,” the thankful Earthly Spirit cried,
 “’Tis well,” the Heavenly echoes still replied.

HUGH MCKAY.

SPEECH OF MR. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

MR. CHAIRMAN:

I congratulate this assembly and the community at large, and our venerable friend in whose honor we have come together, on having lived so long, and done so much for his fellow-men, and done it so well. Allow me to express my sense of his great merit by an illustration drawn from the pursuit to which I have given some attention, the occupation of the fruit-grower.

It is found that most kinds of pears, in order to attain their full perfection, require to be gathered while yet hard, before their texture will yield to the pressure of the thumb, and ripened off within-doors.

But there is one variety, the best of all, an American sort, the Seckel pear, acknowledged by all pomologists, both native and foreign, to be the queen of pears, which is not to be treated in this way, but should be left on the bough until it acquires its most delicate flavor, its finest aroma, its intensest sweetness. It requires not merely the balmy airs of spring and the heats of summer, but the rays of the autumn sun must lie upon it long, before it attains the full maturity which causes it to be so highly prized. So it is with our excellent friend the guest of the evening: the longer he lives the more occasion we see to value him; the greater his length of years the greater is our sense of his worth. Long may he still be spared to do the good in which he delights; late, very late, may his hold on the tree of human life be loosened.

Let me draw yet another illustration from external nature. When I think of the long life of one who has, in large measure, as our friend has had, the power to do good, I compare it to one of those long days in June, at the time of the summer solstice. Then is the season of the strawberry, the most delicate of fruits, and the rose, the fairest of flowers; the airs are temperate; the herbs of the ground and the new sprays of the trees shoot up most rapidly, under the benignant beams of the sun, which then remains longest above

the horizon, and sets with his greatest splendor, irradiating the sky long after he has gone down. So has it been, and so may it yet be, with the life of our venerable friend. His long day has been full of blessings to the community of which he is a member. Long may the sun with him remain above the horizon, and when it sets we are sure that the air will long be lighted by its brightness!

Mr. John E. Parsons, one of the Trustees of the Cooper Union, being called upon to respond for them, said that it was so rarely that a Trustee of the Cooper Union ventured to indulge in eulogy of Mr. Cooper, that, but for the late hour of the evening, he would have been pleased to state somewhat in detail what Mr. Cooper had done for, and what he had been to, the Union; that Dr. McCosh had said that on the occasion of his visit to the Union he had found Mr. Cooper doing what could scarcely be expected except from a paid employé or officer. Mr. Parsons said that the service rendered by Mr. Cooper was such as neither could nor would be rendered by a paid officer. Mr. Parsons excused himself from occupying further time when the Cooper Union had been spoken of so well already by those who had graduated from its halls.

Rev. Dr. Deems, the pastor of "The Church of the Strangers," on being called out, said :

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. DEEMS.

MR. COOPER, MR. PRESIDENT, AND GENTLEMEN :

I make no apology whatever for want of preparation, as you see that this is an entirely unexpected call, and as, since the first day I saw the man and saw what manner of a man he was, and what was the life he was leading in this great city and growing country, there has never been an hour of the day that if stopped in my business or pleasures, nor any hour of the night that if roused from my slumbers, to speak on this theme, I should not have been ready to say, "Long live Peter Cooper!"

Mr. Cooper *has* lived long, and lived well. He has contributed, as every good citizen has, his share to the upbuilding of New York and the United States. And his share has been much larger than that of most of his fellow-citizens. In addition to that, he has made specific contributions to the public good which will place his name high on the roll of those who love their fellow-men. Notably among these is the Cooper Institute.

Every stranger who visits New York and spends but a day is almost sure to have a look at the Cooper

Institute. There it stands, covering a whole block in that part of New York where space is most costly; there it stands, as ugly as it is huge; but it is huge, and it cost a great deal of money, and all that money was given by one man, and he began life poor. That is the first thing which occurs to a stranger on a mere superficial glance at the building, which will always bear the name of Arcadia's honored guest to-night.

But there is something in the Cooper Institute much better than the stone and iron and glass and wood of which it is built. It is the *idea* of the Institute; the idea of free founts of learning to those who can and will drink thereof; the idea of culture; the idea of the lifting of the mass by the elevation of the individual; the idea of "first the natural and then the spiritual;" of the material being made for the spiritual, and not the spiritual for the material. *This* contribution of Mr. Cooper to the world can never die. It will live in history, it will live in development, it will live in transmission. The men and women of this generation will hand it down to the next. It is an ideal realized, and realized in such a fashion that it shall stimulate thousands of keen intellects to the task of searching for the unseen and eternal ideal in the seen and temporary real. The external edifice of the Cooper Institute will perish. Stone by stone will

wear away, and timber by timber will decay, but the Cooper Institute in its ideal will remain to aid in the perpetual enforcement of the fundamental truth, that the things which are seen are temporary, and the things which are not seen are eternal.

But there is something beyond the costly building and the visible and very fruitful institution which Mr. Cooper has planned and equipped and endowed and managed, something better than all that which he has given to the country and to the world, and that better thing is—Peter Cooper!

For there is nothing better than a man—a real, genuine man, that deserves to be called a man. In nothing are there so many possibilities. Mr. Cooper has done many things. The Cooper Institute is only one of them. It is not necessary to go into detail. THE MAN sums up all that he is, and all that he does, and all that he suggests, and all that he excites to be done. The very mention of the name of Peter Cooper will hereafter read several lessons to the world at once.

It will show the value of character as being superior to that of genius, and a good life as being better than gold.

The two things young Americans have most worshiped have been genius and money. Brilliant intellect and a great fortune have been the most coveted of all things.

Mr. Cooper has taught his young countrymen, of the present and of succeeding generations, that a very grand life can be led without genius. Those who revere him most and love him most do not claim any thing from him in that line. I do not know that he is reported to have ever said or done a very brilliant thing. But he *has* said and done so very great many very good, very sensible, very simply-wise things, that his life has been a very great success, both in usefulness to others and honor to himself. It has lacked all resemblance to the brilliant electric flashes of the storm, but it has never ceased to be like the steady light of a fixed luminary.

By some, great wealth has been coveted because it gave men wine and women and horses, and the means of living a gay life. We have lately had several lessons on the insufficiency of these things to afford real pleasure, and all men always knew that they never imparted dignity to a life. Others have sought money for the power it gave them while living, and because of their longing to leave their families rich.

Others have cherished a secret plan of leaving a vast amount for some charity when they had gone the way of all the earth. Such men were Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, and Johns Hopkins, of Baltimore. That was not bad. But Mr. Cooper has shown a

better way. In the fullness of his power, before he was an old man, he planted a tree which he might nurse and tend, and see attain a growth that promised long life, and the production of the seeds of a hundred other trees. And God has mercifully permitted him to live to behold this desire of his heart. In no other way could he probably have had so much genuine, manly, ennobling pleasure out of his money. Other rich men have taken notice hereof, and are going and doing likewise. May his blessed example be potent for generations!

And now, my dear sir [addressing Mr. Cooper], what more is there to say? Is not this night a crown to you? Is it not worth living such a life as yours? And there is the crown which the Lord shall give you in *that* day. Is it selfish to hope that "that day," for you, may be far distant? You are not tired of living. You seem to enjoy this life with as much zest as we younger men. And, for myself, I'm bound to say that I enjoy it hugely. I told our beloved and venerable friend Dr. Muhlenberg that whenever his famous hymn, "I would not live *always*," was sung, I generally joined in, but that really, as I feel now, I'd be willing to take a thousand years or so here before the change came.

Moses, the man of God, tells us that the time of

man is threescore-years-and-ten, and that if by reason of strength they be fourscore, yet is their strength labor and sorrow. You have lived threescore-years—and ten—and [here some one called out, "More than fourscore!"] Dr. Deems repeated: You have lived threescore-years—and ten—and [here the same person interrupted again, with a call that eighty was fourscore]. Gentlemen [resumed Dr. D., good-naturedly], the information afforded is very satisfactory. I wanted to say "seventy," *not* "eighty," and threescore and ten years used to be seventy when I was a boy, and I trust they are so yet. The gentleman who furnished the arithmetical information really does not know what I was going to say next. Let me give a little sound advice. Never upset a man's figures when he is talking—I mean his figures of speech. His arithmetical figures you can replace on a slate; but when you have tumbled over his rhetorical figures you can never again set them up on their legs. You have done the work for my figure, and I shall abandon it. (Laughter and applause.)

[Turning to Mr. Cooper, Dr. Deems said:] My dear friend, I am sorry that that part of my speech was spoiled. I really thought it was the most handsome thing I had to say to you. (Applause.) Believe that it was, and that it was something right out of my

very heart. And now, live forever, Peter Cooper! And you *will*, sir. Yours shall be the double immortality, of a beautiful and growing reputation on earth, and an everlasting enjoyment in heaven, in His society who has said, that inasmuch as you have done this for Humanity, you have done it for Christianity.

Among the many letters which were received were the following:

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS., }
January 28, 1874. }

DEAR SIR:

It would be a pleasure to take part in the celebration of Mr. Cooper's approaching birthday; but a journey, which I propose soon to take, will carry me so far from New York by the 12th of February, that I cannot unite with you in the tribute which you propose to pay to his benevolence and public spirit.

Believe me

Very truly yours,

CHARLES W. ELIOT.

ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN, ESQ.

YALE COLLEGE, NEW HAVEN, CONN., }
February 2, 1874. }

DEAR SIR:

It will give me great pleasure to accept the invitation of the Arcadian Club to be present at the public reception which is to be given to Mr. Peter Cooper on

the 12th inst., if my engagements and duties will permit me to be on my post of duty.

I fear that this will not be possible, as I shall be obliged to be abroad nearly half of the present week.

I should regret not to be allowed the opportunity of giving expression, by word and act, to the profound respect which I feel for the excellent Mr. Cooper, who has conferred such manifold blessings upon his fellow-men, and given so bright and attractive an example to others to imitate his sympathy and his generous deeds.

Most respectfully,

N. PORTER.

ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN, Esq.

THE PRESS.

PETER COOPER.

THE Arcadian Club honors itself by celebrating the eighty-fourth birthday of this distinguished philanthropist to-night. Mr. Cooper is a favorite of New York. His name is the synonym of wise benevolence, of forecasting generosity, of paternal kindness. He is looked up to with filial veneration by all our people. To meet him in the street, driving his familiar one-horse carriage, is a pleasure to everybody and a benediction to most. People smile at his eccentricities, and humor his whims; but love and honor the man who has won a place in public regard no other fills by indisputable disinterestedness and unequalled charities. He was born in this city, in 1791. His father was too poor to give him an education, and, when merely a boy, he was apprenticed to a coach-maker, and learned that trade well. Tiring of this business, he tried his hands at a half-dozen others, and at last struck a successful vein in the manufacture of

isinglass and glue. He became interested in iron-manufactures, and built the first locomotive-engine ever made in this country, at his works near Baltimore. His works there were afterward sold, and larger ones were built at Trenton, N. J. Mr. Cooper was one of the first to second the efforts of Cyrus W. Field to establish an ocean-telegraph. Indeed, his business success has grown legitimately out of an enterprise, industry, and thrift, that are remarkable even in this city, where they have such conspicuous illustrations.

Mr. Cooper's charities began early. He was one of the first of our rich men to recognize the fact that property is not a private possession, but a public trust. His example has done much to teach this needed lesson. Thomas Hughes said, when in this country, that when an Englishman got rich, he bought a manor and founded a family; but, when an American got rich, he built a hospital or endowed a college. Peter Cooper has done a great deal toward creating this fashion, and strengthening the sentiment out of which it has grown. His gifts have been unostentatious. He never wrote a check with a peacock's feather. To be of use was his ambition. His mind was thoroughly steeped in the practical spirit of Franklin's philosophy. He said that the true way to help people was to en-

able them to help themselves. He had suffered for want of practical knowledge. The schools did not teach it. They educated their pupils to despise labor instead of fitting them to engage in it. And, while we were importing machinery and ornamental work of all kinds from Europe, our own young men and women were actually suffering for want of special information and training. He was no orator. He could not scream to the working-men about their wrongs and their rights. He did what was infinitely better. He built and endowed an institution which combines a free reading-room and library, with a group of technical schools and courses of lectures on science and art. The Cooper Institute is a People's University, free to all who will use its facilities, and can be accommodated in its departments. Its conception outran the ideas of the times; but it has demonstrated its wisdom by unanticipated success and popularity. In the schools of one department twenty-one hundred were admitted last year, and this year there has been an increase of eleven per cent., while four hundred applicants are impatiently waiting for admission. In the School of Design, for which there are accommodations for two hundred pupils, four hundred are crowded together, while there are applications for more than a year ahead. To visit the reading-room of the Institute

and see the crowd of intelligent people of all ages gathered there; to go through its various schools and departments and witness the eager interest with which thousands of young men and women are pursuing various branches of practical education, hundreds of whom work hard through the day and snatch the opportunities it offers in the evening as their only hope of rising in the world—is to behold the proofs of Mr. Cooper's sagacity and the proudest achievement of the genius of generosity. Here the income of over a million dollars goes every year to the training of talents for practical uses, which else would work at disadvantage or be utterly wasted to their possessors and the world. Peabody's gifts may have been more ostentatious and world-wide in their publicity; but it is a question whether altogether they will ever do half the good accomplished by the wise benefactions of this clear-headed, simple-mannered mechanic.

There are three things in connection with Mr. Cooper's philanthropy that deserve special notice. It is eminently practical. It goes to nourish self-help. It is that best of charities which makes charity superfluous. It gives what is better than money—the training needed to earn a livelihood, if not to secure wealth and fame. It fortifies self-respect instead of breaking it down, and gives dignity to character as well as disci-

pline to the faculties and skill to the fingers. It is like the charity of Nature which sends its showers to moisten the earth and feed the roots of grass and shrub, and pours the sunshine over the earth to accomplish its needed ministries by an almost impalpable influence. Then Mr. Cooper made his splendid gift in middle life, instead of waiting till its close, and leaving it for heirs and trustees to quarrel over and misapply. He had a conception that was fifty years in advance of his time, and he set at work to execute his own design. He has built his own monument. He has tasted the first-fruits of the tree his young hand planted with not a little misgiving. In this respect he has set an example which rich men should need no urging to follow. He has the sweet satisfaction of seeing his idea realized, and receiving the grateful blessings of thousands who have been helped to lead lives of usefulness and honor by his wise munificence. He has anticipated immortality and antedated heaven in his own experience, and wherever he goes he is almost forced to hear the words, "Well done, good and faithful." The spirit of Mr. Cooper's charity is the hope of society. He started from the unselfish, the humane, and moral sentiment, that the property he held was a sacred trust for the benefit of mankind. It was given to invest for the good of the world. He was responsible to society for

the use he made of it, and had no business to squander it for his own selfish gratification or glorification. Every dollar represented a duty and increased his obligations. This is one of the most important lessons of his life. He has done something to rebuke the selfishness which uses money for personal aggrandizement and display and dissipation, by showing how much nobler and better and more satisfying it is to use it for the relief of suffering and the education of the mind. He has helped set a fashion of public-spiritedness and benevolence and generosity which rich men will find it hard to resist. He has done still more to educate a public sentiment which requires rich men to give back to society in public benefactions a part of what they have acquired. And he has pointed onward to the time when society shall provide for all its children, and mete out that even-handed justice which is better than charity, and which will obviate the need for charities.—*N. Y. Daily Graphic*.

THE ARCADIAN RECEPTION.

NEVER, perhaps, in the course of Mr. Cooper's long and active life has he seen under one roof, certainly not in the present generation have been gathered together in this city, so many men remarkable for intel-

lect or worth, as met last night in the parlors of the Arcadian Club to greet Mr. Cooper on his eighty-fourth birthday, and to do him honor. Almost every man of mark in every profession and walk of life in New York, and many distinguished men from a distance, were present. The Bar was represented by such men as Judge Daly, Judge Brady, Judge Robinson, and E. W. Stoughton; the Church, by such men as Rev. Dr. McCosh, Dr. Osgood, Rev. Father Quinn, Rev. Father Farrell, Dr. Deems, and Dr. Chapin; the Press, by Whitelaw Reid, Erastus Brooks, Joseph Howard, Jr., and J. M. Bundy; Art, by S. R. Gifford, Constant Meyer, James Beard, and B. F. Rhinehardt; from our mercantile circles were Royal Phelps, R. L. Stuart, George Opdyke, William E. Dodge, Moses Taylor, and many others; Literature was represented by William C. Bryant, E. C. Stedman, Bret Harte, and James Par-ton; Science, by Prof. Youmans, Prof. Botta, and Dr. Doremus; Education, by President White, of Cornell, President Barnard, of Columbia, Prof. Vermilye, and W. H. Neilson, President of the Board of Education. The city was represented by Mayor Havemeyer; the army by General Cullum, and humanity by Henry Bergh.

The reception parlors on the first floor of the clubhouse were quietly and tastefully decorated with ever-

greens. Over the raised platform in the middle parlor were the dates 1791-1874, between which, and under the monogram P. C., hung an admirable portrait of Mr. Cooper, by B. F. Rhinehardt.

On the walls were hung many specimens of the drawings of the pupils of the free classes of Cooper Union, kindly loaned to the club for the occasion by that institution.

The short but touching speech of Mr. Bryant was one of the most interesting and pleasant features of the evening. It was full of feeling and affection for the old and faithful friend, his fellow-octogenarian whom he addressed, and whose hand, before stepping upon the platform, he so cordially pressed. It was the kindly tribute of one honest, noble old man to another as honest and noble; and the clasp of the hand, the almost mingling of the white hairs of beard and head as they spoke, and their flushed and moved faces, made a beautiful picture of man's *true* humanity to man which those who had the good fortune to witness it will not soon forget.

After the address had been delivered, Mr. Harrison Millard, Mr. Frank Bartlett, Mr. J. R. Thomas, and other gentlemen, sang several songs to the accompaniment of Signor Agramonte, and Dodworth's full band gave a serenade in front of the club-house at half-past

eleven. The musical part of the programme was quite as fully enjoyed as the intellectual, and the whole evening was one in every way satisfactory to the authors and recipient of a well-merited tribute to a well-spent life.

We give below an imperfect list of those who participated in the exercises of the evening:

EX-MAYOR GUNTHER,
S. L. M. BARLOW,
E. C. STEDMAN,
JAS. MOIR,
CHARLES WATROUS,
PROF. VERMILYE,
JAS. M. BROWN,
B. F. RHINEHARDT,
CHARLES GAYLOR,
JUDGE CHARLES P. DALY,
REV. FATHER QUINN,
ABRAM S. HEWITT,
PROF. DRAPER,
A. T. CONKLIN,
WILLIAM J. FLORENCE,
J. M. BUNDY,
ROBERT L. STUART,
DR. W. H. WHITE,
PROF. YOUMANS,
RALPH W. BOOTH, JR.,
EX-GOV. E. D. MORGAN,
REV. DR. McGLINN,
REV. N. O. MURRAY,
D. D. TELFORD,

HOWARD POTTER,
S. R. GIFFORD,
ALGERNON SULLIVAN,
CHAS. ROOSEVELT,
JUDGE LAWRENCE,
GEN. CULLUM, U. S. A.,
W. H. NEILSON, President Board
of Education,
PRES. BARNARD, Columbia Col-
lege,
HENRY BERGH,
BRET HARTE,
MAYOR HAVEMEYER,
JOS. HOWARD, JR.,
ROBERT JOHNSTON,
PROF. HENRY DRISLER,
MOSES TAYLOR,
JUDGE J. R. BRADY,
GEN. LLOYD ASPINWALL,
JAMES BEARD,
CONSTANT MEYER,
WM. CULLEN BRYANT,
DR. E. H. CHAPIN,
MAYOR HUNTER, of Brooklyn,

WM. MAGRATH,
 HOMER NELSON,
 CHAS. O'CONOR,
 EX-MAYOR GEO. OPDYKE,
 REV. DR. OSGOOD,
 ROYAL PHELPS,
 REV. DR. S. IRENÆUS PRIME,
 FRANK BARTLETT,
 JAMES PARTON,
 BENJ. F. BEEKMAN,
 G. P. QUACKENBOS,
 JUDGE ROBINSON,
 REV. DR. DEEMS,
 HON. ERASTUS BROOKS,
 HON. WILLIAM E. DODGE,
 REV. DR. ARMITAGE,
 FRANK KERNAN,
 E. W. STOUGHTON,
 PROF. VINCENZO BOTTA,
 FREDERICK G. GEDNEY,
 ANDREW H. GREEN,
 JUDGE EDWARDS PIERRE-
 PONT,
 FREDERICK DE PEYSTER,
 President Historical Society,
 CHARLES BUTLER,
 CLARK BELL,
 WILLIAM KURTZ,
 GEN. RUFUS INGALLS,
 A. A. LOW,
 JOHN E. DE WITT,

DR. H. D. RANNEY,
 JOHN T. DALY,
 REV. DR. H. M. FIELD,
 J. W. SIMONTON,
 HON. WILLIAM ORTON,
 HON. S. B. H. VANCE, Presi-
 dent of the Board of Aldermen,
 HON. R. B. ROOSEVELT,
 O. P. C. BILLINGS,
 WHITELAW REID,
 JUDGE WOODRUFF,
 EX-MAYOR TIEMANN,
 EZRA B. CORNELL,
 GEORGE SIMPSON,
 J. R. THOMAS,
 MENZO DIEFENDORF,
 F. F. MACKAY,
 DR. J. B. F. WALKER,
 GEORGE M. VAN NORT,
 JOSEPH H. CHOATE,
 GEN. ALEXANDER S. WEBB,
 President of College of the City of
 New York,
 ALBERT WEBER,
 JOHN A. NICHOLS,
 HON. D. W. JUDD,
 GEORGE W. CLARKE,
 R. SWAYNE GIFFORD,
 ELLIOTT C. COWDIN,
 JUDGE PEABODY,
 JOHN SWINTON,

W. A. OGDEN HEGEMAN.

—*N. Y. Evening Mail.*

A WELL-SPENT LIFE.

THE honors bestowed on Peter Cooper at the close of his eighty-fourth birthday were well deserved. Mr. Cooper is one of the few living men who have grown up with the country and city. When he was born, in 1791, upper New York was bounded by Chambers Street, with only a fraction over 33,000 people within its limits. There were no free schools, no locomotion by steam on sea or land, and hardly a step taken in advance of the age, except for free government. The Constitution was then but two years old, and Washington not long before elected President under it. Mr. Cooper has lived through the Administrations of all our Presidents, and seen the country grow from about 4,000,000 of people to about 42,000,000. In his day, Louisiana, Florida, Texas, California, and Alaska, have been added to the Union. In his day, also, steam navigation has been developed, and the electric telegraph put in motion over land and under the sea. Mr. Cooper has seen the genius of Watt illustrated in the success of Fulton; the forecaste of Stephenson equaled by the practice of Blanchard; the suggestion of Wheatstone improved upon by our own Morse and Henry. Mr. Cooper's first ambition was to perfect the steam-engine and the locomotive. Here he established one of the first iron-works in the country, and removed

them to Trenton, N. J., where they became the largest and most successful in the United States. From the beginning, he has had entire faith in navigating the canals by steam, and the past year was at Syracuse and Rochester, to witness the evidence, soon to be perfect, that success in this is certain.

The Polytechnic School of France, where the Government educated her young mechanics, suggested the Cooper Institute of New York—one of the noblest works of the land, visited daily by twenty-five hundred people for instruction, and where twenty-five thousand have been educated free of expense. It was a very impressive sight to see first the students and then the graduates of Cooper Institute enter the Arcadian rooms, and, with heart-felt words, give testimony in their own lives of the good done to them by their benefactor. What a pleasure there must be in riches won by honest toil producing benefactions the fruits of which one can see in his own life! Old and honored names are handed down from the past ages to the present, as Mr. Cooper will be to posterity, for the example he has given to others and for the inspiration incident to such lives.

Mr. Cooper has surely lived a wise life, and mankind has profited by his success. The good he has done will live hereafter, and not alone in Cooper Insti-

tute, for brown-stone and books and apparatus are all perishable. His fame may be even less in the memories of living people than in generations for whom he has provided the higher life of practical education.

And now for the secret of such a life and such success. * Mr. Cooper defines it all in one word—FAITH or TRUST. Trust in God and faith in man. A life which began in privation, hard work, and few advantages, was, in its meridian, crowned with complete success, and now, in old age, honor, love, and troops of friends crowd about him to say, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

If our young men will pause long enough to contemplate such a life, they will see that poverty is no bar to success, that industry begets thrift, and that a noble life wins not only respect here, but the best prospect of a better hereafter.

"Count that day lost whose low-descending sun
Sees at thy hand no worthy action done."

—*N. Y. Evening Express.*

TRIBUTE TO PETER COOPER.

LAST week Peter Cooper completed his eighty-third year, and some of his friends thought it would be a pleasant thing to gather round him on that day, and

offer him their congratulations on his long and useful life, and listen to a few words from his lips. Accordingly, the Arcadian Club arranged a little *fête*, which, though very unpretentious in its design, brought together a large number of the best men of New York, of all classes—business men and literary men, bankers and merchants, editors and artists, lawyers and judges and clergymen—to show respect to that hoary head before which the whole city rises up in honor.

The occasion was very gracefully introduced by Mr. A. S. Sullivan, in an address of welcome to the patriarch who was the guest of the evening; after which Mr. Henry G. Stebbins, the president of the club, read a brief sketch of that life of more than fourscore years, unfolding such a story of patient industry as might furnish an example to all the young men of the country. Mr. Cooper replied with the utmost modesty, speaking not so much of what he had done as of what he had desired to do. Remembering his own boyhood, his want of opportunities of acquiring knowledge, he had desired to give to the young men of his native city—especially to those who were too poor to pay for them—advantages of which he had been deprived. The simplicity of his words touched every heart.

A number of speakers followed. President Mc-

Cosh, who had come on from Princeton especially to be present, said this was a tribute, not merely to great wealth, but to wealth acquired by honest industry, by a life of toil, and then wisely devoted to the public good. Judge Woodruff and others spoke in the same strain.

But the most touching address of the evening was the very brief one of Mr. Bryant, who is himself now well stricken in years. Taking an illustration from his knowledge of trees (for he cultivates his garden and his orchard as enthusiastically as he cultivates the field of letters), he said that, of the different kinds of *pears*, almost all were better if plucked when not fully ripe, and laid away to ripen afterward; but that there was one variety, of peculiar flavor and richness, that *ripens best on the bough*. Such was old age, coming after a well-spent life. So it was with Mr. Cooper: the longer he lived and the older he grew, the more we learned his value. So saying, he grasped him warmly by the hand. It was a beautiful sight to see these two old men (for Mr. Bryant himself has entered his eightieth year) standing on the platform facing each other, their beautiful white hair a crown of glory on the heads of both. Perhaps if we should pick out in all this city of over a million of people its two "first citizens," we should say they stood there at that moment, hand in hand!

Need we say that in honoring such men New York honors itself? It is the best proof of a sound public sentiment, that such a tribute of respect is paid only to true moral worth, to the highest nobleness in character and in life. New York has, indeed, much to make us blush and ashamed. It has enough of bad men who are disagreeably prominent; corrupt politicians and greedy speculators, who command a certain degree of consideration by their money or their position; but no such tribute was ever paid to any "vulgar rich man," or vulgar politician. It is reserved for him who, through a long life, without ambition and personal ends, has sought the good of his fellow-men. In the case of Mr. Cooper, it is not his large wealth, nor even his public generosity, noble as that has been, but something in the man that is greater than all his gifts—his pure, simple, gentle nature, unsuspecting of evil, always believing good and doing good. He is an Israelite, indeed, in whom there is no guile.

May we, without impropriety, go one step farther, and raise the curtain a little on a side of his life which is not known to all? The public knows the philanthropist. But there is an interior into which it cannot penetrate, and hence it knows not the beauty of his domestic life, which reveals still more fully the real

tenderness of his heart, the sweetness of his nature. Until within three or four years there was living in his home one who had been the faithful companion of his life. And very beautiful it was to see how they seemed to draw still nearer to each other as they advanced into the twilight of age. Talk of young love; it is nothing to such love as this! As they sat before the evening fire, holding each other by the hand, it seemed as if the affection of a lifetime were in that gentle clasp and look. And when that mother died, a shadow fell across the threshold, and we feared that a spirit of gloom might darken the happy home. But this venerable man had such faith in the Divine goodness, and in the life to come, that he felt that it was but a brief separation. And still circled with tender care, with a group of grandchildren playing about his knees, the aged heart becomes like that of a little child, and overflows toward all around him, and in unknown charities. He knows that the day is far spent and the night is at hand; but that night is not dark, but full of heavenly splendors. Thus, serene and peaceful, he sits in the golden sunset, waiting till the Father whom he loves calls him into His presence, to be joined to those who have gone before.

—*The Evangelist.*

THE GOOD CITIZEN.

THE death of James W. Gerard has attracted unusual attention, considering that he was only a private citizen who had retired from his profession several years ago. The honors paid to Peter Cooper on his eighty-fourth birthday again astonish the observer who has been wont to believe America wholly surrendered to the sensational.

Perhaps it is well to be reminded that there are objects in life more worthy, more useful, more desirable than mere money-getting, or the success which follows activity in partisanship. The departed lawyer, the living merchant, have actually taught by their lives a noble lesson, and we can it reverently.

Mr. Gerard was a thoroughly delightful man, a gentle friend of the children—one whose stern contests with the world of deception and chicanery seemed to fit him for the more amiable and serviceable battle of the wise and strong in behalf of the innocent, the ignorant, the helpless. He could turn aside from a brilliant victory in court to say a few winning words to a class of girls and boys at one of his pet schools, and this gave him infinitely more pleasure than his professional success. He could devote many hours of his busy week to enlivening the dull routine of the school-

room, to imparting information that would never be forgotten, to inculcating principles of honesty, kindness, and love.

And at his death he filled the post of honor—a private station. Who shall say that the modest obsequies, marked by a few kindly words from the pulpit and a garden of floral tributes from the lads and lasses, his dearest friends, did not teach mankind a lesson worth the learning?

Peter Cooper we recognize as one of the two or three citizens who have redeemed New York from the charge of undue devotion to money-getting. The sordid impulse never animated that sturdy veteran, who has already spent in good works that never die several fortunes won by hard labor, unswerving honesty, and painful industry. Men may flatter themselves upon the good their testaments will do their fellow-citizens; but in the Cooper Institute is a monument more enduring than marble or an epic poem. Its founder has led thousands of waverers to a steady development of their powers, and has established them in a walk of life where they may pursue an honorable career, and aid others.

He has lived long enough to feel convinced that there is good in human nature, that it is worth while to stimulate the better impulses of mankind, that there

is a God who has fashioned his creatures for holier purposes than the mere acquisition of wealth.

The disinclination of such men as Gerard and Cooper to enter public life is regarded as a misfortune; and this is partially a just view. Yet, however we may deplore the fact that the public service has few such faithful men to work at the drudgery and details of office, there is a certain compensation in this, that these quiet, duty-loving citizens have unconsciously trained a generation to expect and demand a purer public life hereafter than that which has latterly mortified us with its disclosures of corruption and wickedness.

The thousands of American youth who had learned to listen to the silvery utterances of the good, plain man that simply walked through life scattering pleasant thoughts and useful acts as he plodded along, cannot refrain from pursuing mentally the beauty and grace of such a career, and from contrasting it with the selfishness, the avarice, the inhumanity of the grasping politician, paid to do a portion of the duty the citizen owes the State. And who that has ascended the steps of the Cooper Institute to receive the nightly lesson in the most noble of schools, or to study the pages of history in the attractive alcoves of the library, or to hearken to the voice of the teacher of

science or art, but is the better for this close acquaintance with that other venerable New-Yorker who was too honest to be a politician in the days of unscrupulous receivers of public money?

This generation will demand a faithful performance of duty, public or private; and for the single honest and capable official missed in a Gerard or a Cooper, there will be tens of thousands from whom the people may henceforth select worthy disciples, taught by the most powerful method—the example of the good citizen.—*The Jewish Messenger*.

THE COOPER INSTITUTE SCHOOLS.

It is a pleasant sight to see good old Peter Cooper come upon the platform at any public meeting where the welfare of the city or the country at large makes his presence serviceable. Immediately there goes up such a shout of welcome as is vouchsafed to few men. It cannot be doubted that in every large public assembly there must be hundreds present whom Peter Cooper never saw, but who are personally indebted to him for the prosperity and success of their lives. But if what he has done were to be thoroughly understood throughout the land, there would hardly be a single home where he would not be blessed and prayed for

in the devotions of the family. By his introduction of a grand technical school, on the broadest possible base, he has counteracted that injurious tendency of our public-school system to educate our youth above their hands but not up to their heads. He has anew made true for Americans the apothegm that "labor is honorable." The financial excesses consequent upon a great war, the easy and abundant flow of a fallacious currency medium, the dazzling extravagance of many adventurers, the pleasant paths of political advancement, all tended to make young men disbelieve in the wisdom of their ancestors. From all the examples that were spread before their eyes it certainly seemed that labor was a folly, beneath the attention of intelligent minds, and that the sure and only methods of advancement consisted in an ability to dress well, a capacity for drinking deeply, and a knack of stringing sentences together. These *moyems*, as the French have it, were certain to procure for the happy possessor either a position as clerk in a bank, or as the friend of a rising politician, or, failing these, the hand of some wealthy girl. That those who have no abilities should believe this doctrine is more dangerous for themselves than a source of loss to the world at large. But that young men of real talent should be led astray by some flagrant examples of evil prosperity was a

real misfortune. And, unfortunately, in all that is learned in our public schools there is nothing to deter, but much to foster, a mistaken view of life. The word *education* is one that expresses the speaker's meaning, and that of nobody else. There is, perhaps, but one word that will adequately render the idea of what is gained by our public-school system. That word is *learning*. In one of those pleasant apologies of Addison, in the *Spectator*, a dreamer of moral philosophy dreams that he has before him, in a material shape, that constellation known as the Balance, or Libra. He weighs in it various qualities and worldly gifts, making moral reflections thereon. The fancy seizes his brain to put in one scale learning, and in the other mother-wit, and he finds the former so light in comparison that it has no perceptible weight. But when placed in the same scale with mother-wit it increases the weight of the latter one hundred times. It is exactly so with what is taught in the public-school system. By itself it is almost worthless, but, added to real knowledge, it increases the powers of the latter many times. And the Cooper Institute is one of the colleges where real knowledge is taught. Technical schools teach positively, not relatively. And the Cooper Institute is one of the grandest technical schools ever planned by the brain of man. Now, it

is the special quality of real knowledge that those who seek after it, no matter what the motive was that initiated the effort, soon learn to love it for itself. And in the Cooper Institute, the young people who come there with a thousand foolish ambitions and desires floating through their imaginations, find these disappearing as rapidly as the mist overhanging a river in the presence of the morning sun. Whether the thing sought be science or art, from the moment that the woman or man commences to work at it in earnest, the temptations held out by successful fraud, and villainy, and vice, become vague, and at last disappear before the charm of the work. To those who have only tinkered in a public school, the fascination of hard work seems an utterly unknown quantity. But a visit to any technical school will give a few fresh ideas on the point. During the past few days, when Labor has been rampant through the streets, and bellowing the poisonous trash of false political prophets, the benches of the Cooper Institute have been filled to overflowing. Hundreds of talented young men who would have been most formidable allies were there, fighting against knotty problems of geometry, knitting their brows and bracing up their nerves in contest against architectural difficulties in the construction of stairways, setting their wits against

a little test-tube, containing an unknown substance which defied their powers of chemical analysis; or, in the art alcoves, plodding away at outlines; or, more advanced, striving for a delicacy of touch which should distinguish between shade and shadow; or, still higher on, earnestly endeavoring to compose an entire form into masses of light and shade. Here was fighting indeed; here were brains throbbing and pulses beating of thousands of young people, wrestling, like the patriarch of old, for knowledge from on high, and thrice blessed for the very struggle.

The Americans are the quickest-witted people under the sun, and very soon found out what incalculable benefits could be derived from the Cooper Institute. The machinists went to learn mechanical drawing, because they knew how it would aid them in a thousand ways. There is not a machine-shop throughout the country where there is not an annual loss of hundreds of dollars because the workmen do not comprehend drawings. And there is not a single machinist who cannot earn much more after he has studied drawing. But if he has a talent for invention, or for adaptation, the power of mechanical drawing is a perfect Godsend. The very last time the writer went through this department there was present a workman, come to say a few words of cheer to the pupils. He had also been a

pupil there, had gone to Fitchburg, Mass., and had there invented a patent drill-chuck, for which he had received several thousand dollars. He owned that he never could have done it if he had not had his wits sharpened by his course of mechanical drawing. Nor is he the only one by any means. Every year there are at least half a dozen men who rise from the ranks of workmen in a similar way. In the Free-hand Drawing Department the benches are every night crowded with young carvers, lithographers, jewelers, cabinet-makers, and carpenters, who are so engrossed that one may often speak to them and be unheard. They are engaged in studying decorative art, scroll-work, etc., and are surely fitting themselves for higher positions. Then there is the Architectural Department, occupied almost entirely by young stone-masons and carpenters. The subject is a difficult one, intensely practical, and one highly remunerative in a city where all the old men have made at least three forced migrations, and have three times built for themselves a new home. The way the professor teaches them is eminently sound. Every part of a house, from foundation to roof-tree, is built up theoretically. All the decorative part is remodeled, so to speak. The professor takes an ornament, say an acanthus-leaf moulding, divides it, subdivides, traces its alteration in the Renaissance

when the restoration of Greek decoration was affected by the preceding Gothic, and shows in what manner new decorations may be formed by combinations or developments of the old. Then there is the drawing from cast and life, frequented by men of all callings who feel within themselves a thrill for art which will not be satisfied by artistic industry, but insists upon art itself. It is plain that this is stepping beyond the bounds of a technical school, as generally understood ; but the large-hearted liberality of Peter Cooper knew no limits. Not a few of the young people who have studied in these night-schools are now students in the National Academy of Design, and bid fair to be worthy members of the artistic profession. Then there is the modeling from clay, attended by a very numerous class, whose efforts promise a high degree of future success. Last year there were admitted twenty-one hundred, and this year there is an increase of eleven per cent. And waiting, almost sick with hope, are more than four hundred applicants, watching for the first vacancy. They know perfectly well that this is their one chance of rising in the world, and their eagerness of expectation, and oftentimes piteous letters of entreaty, give some idea of the manner in which these admirable schools are looked upon, and how they are seized as the ladder that shall bring the ig-

norant and miserable up from unknown depths to lives of usefulness and careers of prosperity.

Out of the several thousands of young men who come to these night-schools, there is but a very small percentage who do not reap a high degree of benefit. That some should come through the influence or companionship of others, and have no power to grapple with the ideas set before them, is a certainty. But these seldom remain for any length of time, and their places are quickly filled by others hungering for the sweet food of knowledge. It is clear that for the great majority the Cooper Institute is a direct blessing, giving to every one who labors the opportunity to make his labor a pleasure, and not a curse. To toil all the day without comprehending the drift of one's labor, or a knowledge of the points wherein excellence lies, must be exceedingly dreary; and to be able to feel, under such circumstances, that labor is honorable, would require the mental powers of the stoic philosophers. But when this labor has been gilded by the precious sun of knowledge, every thing is changed, and that which was monotonous becomes a delightful exercise of one's powers. There is the same difference between the two lives as between a landscape shaded by dark, forbidding clouds, and the same scene when warmed and lighted, and decked with a thousand

brilliant hues, by rays of sunshine. Beyond all this is the certainty of rising in one's calling, which is the ultimate aim of all who enter the Institute. But they soon find that, besides this, their labor itself has undergone a transformation. While, however, we contemplate the advantages to the workmen from these schools, let us not forget the benefits to the country. From a political point of view, it is of the highest importance that our working-men should be educated. It needs no logic to prove that the tendency of the public-school system, which teaches every thing and therefore nothing, is rather to make men dissatisfied with labor. It may be considered as proved that the technical school makes his labor a thing of love to every man. "The labor we delight in physics pain." It is, therefore, of paramount necessity to develop to the utmost an idea which tends to purify the political character of our voters. But the great, the overwhelming advantage of the Cooper Institute is, that it is educating a body of workmen who shall free us from our pitiable dependency upon foreign nations for all objects connected with the industrial arts. That this result will be but slowly arrived at, any one can well believe who has noticed the immense importations from France of articles of luxury and taste. When one considers a drawing-room in any gentle-

man's house, and reflects upon the foreign objects there, which are as much necessities to the educated as the bread one eats, there will arise a positive sense of shame at being so helplessly at the foot of civilization. Even in those things which have been attempted, the struggle seems to be as hopeless as that of the Southern States against the manufacturing spirit of the North. "We can do without the North," said a Virginia Senator, on one occasion. "Look at me: from top to toe I am clad in the products of Virginia, without any thanks to Massachusetts and her factories." A Massachusetts gentleman turned up one of the buttons of the coat, and showed on it a Massachusetts brand. And so with our efforts. Thanks to the Cooper Institute, we have now manufacturers of the most expensive and exquisite furniture. It is sold as French, but it is made here in New York, by our carvers and cabinet-makers. We have beautifully inlaid cabinets of ebony and ivory, most delicately wrought. But, alas! the designs were imported from Paris. We have chairs that a Sardanapalus would envy, but the coverings are from French looms and the shapes are French productions. So in our ceramic wares. We make crockery, but our articles are reproductions of English goods. Nay, often the very moulds are imported. What is wanted to utilize the work done by

Peter Cooper is a school of design of industrial art. And this is the business of the city. Throughout Europe, in every large town, there are institutions of this character, which are watched over with the warmest solicitude. There is a great rivalry in manufactures and art industries between France and Germany, and both nations feel that Sedan will matter but little to France if she keeps her position as the arbitress of taste and the leader of civilization. In Boston, where thought is more untrammelled by the influence of money than it is here, a school of this kind has been created, and it is under the personal charge of Mr. Walter Smith, formerly of the South Kensington Industrial Art Schools, and now State Director of Art Education, Massachusetts. It is too soon to pass judgment upon that institution, but it has this element of weakness, that it cannot be in the same *rappor*t with practical things as a similar institution would be here. The State has done well there, in assuming a direct interest in such matters. It would, perhaps, be better, however, if it were under municipal authority. The great point at present with New-Yorkers is to establish a school of design under any auspices, either municipal or State, if we can, or private, if we must. But its existence is a matter of absolute and imperative need.

The establishment of a school of design of industrial art would afford an opening for the students of the Female School of Design of the Cooper Institute, which is much needed. Under the admirable supervision and art teachings of Mrs. Susan Carter, the principal, this section of the Institute has swollen to proportions which fill the managers with anxiety. The system of tuition which Mrs. Carter has inaugurated is so clear, direct, and sequent, that the pupils have for some time past been eagerly sought for as teachers of drawing for seminaries and kindred institutions. This brought in an immense influx of ladies from every part of the Union, anxious to enter and become qualified for teachers. And not only this, but the supervision of the principal was so sisterly and so kind that those apprehensive spirits who would otherwise have been afraid of committing themselves to the great city without an acquaintance or a friend, were so sure of finding a friend in her that all came without hesitation. They relied on her judgment to tell them whether they had any reason to hope for success as drawing-teachers, and to direct their energies elsewhere if they had not. From the drawing-school trunk there are two great branches, both of which offer considerable remuneration to those who choose them. One is the Photographic Department of Prof. Hecker, the other the

Engraving Department of Miss Cogswell. For those who are not likely to succeed in drawing, there are certain photographic employments, such as retouching negatives, etc., which demand only a good eye. As this work is paid for at the rate of from twenty-two to thirty dollars a week, it is a prize of no small importance in the eyes of young girls from the country. But for those who have made considerable progress in drawing, and yet possess no capacity to go beyond a certain limit, there are situations as drawers of heads in crayon, which are paid as high as fifty dollars a week. Better drawing would not be better paid. Consequently, those who feel the inability to represent *texture*, are advised not to attempt to struggle on to the Academy of Design—the succursal of the female schools of the Cooper Institute. For those who show an aptitude for delicate combination of light and shade, Mrs. Carter encourages a trial of wood-engraving, under Miss Cogswell. The world would be surprised to learn how many graceful engravings have come from this quarter. There still remains, however, an element which will never succeed in painting nor engraving, and yet possesses a faculty of combining lines and colors into beautiful images. For them, a school of design would be the one channel through which they could utilize their faculties. Often it hap-

pens that a man paints badly, who as a designer of jewelry would have made a great name, or who as a caricaturist would be a most powerful scourge of vice and aid of virtue. A philosopher has declared that all the sorrows of mankind have come from the round men getting into square holes, and the square men getting into round holes. It should be the policy of the State to utilize all the talents of its subjects, so that nothing should be wasted. And at present it is impossible to doubt that, for want of a school of design, we are treading under foot that which we have to pay for when we import it from France.

The position of the Female School of the Cooper Institute has become national, and its resources are no longer sufficient for its requirements. Largely as good Peter Cooper endowed his Institute, the funds are inadequate, and the place itself is not large enough. Years back the topmost floor of the building was leased to the American Bank-note Engraving Company, at a time when no one could have dreamed of the enormous development which was to come. In round numbers, two hundred are accommodated, and facilities for four hundred are required. The poor girls are so crammed and crowded in the alcoves that their easels are continually jostling. The realms of the night-classes are invaded, although the light and arrangements are not

calculated for day studies. It is the same with the pupils in the photographing. They are scattered around in a fragmentary condition. It is the same with the engravers, who have only one-half of their number in the engraving-room. Mr. Cooper has in vain tried to get back the floor from the Bank-note Company, though he has offered them a bonus of twenty-five thousand dollars to remove; but the place is admirably suitable, and they do not feel disposed to go. Indeed, no one can be expected to be liberal in the teeth of his own interests, and we cannot expect the Bank-note Company to be an exception. Still, as Mr. Cooper is willing to go to great lengths to buy them off, it is probable that, sooner or later, the floor will be at the service of the female schools. But, as is well known, the endowment fund of the Institute is derived from the rents received from the building, and when the aggressive engravers depart there will be a large hole in the endowment. The question now comes up whether, in view of the unlooked-for development of these schools, and the urgent wants of still greater expansion, it should not be the duty of the city to supplement what Mr. Cooper has done. In opening this technical school for the fair sex the old philanthropist never expected that the unemployed beauty of the continent would make a rush for the

place. But this is, in fact, what has taken place. Mrs. Carter has been so sisterly a principal, and has inaugurated such a system of disciplined tuition, that every girl of fair intelligence who enters is sure of earning her bread as a drawing-teacher, gaining consideration by her employment instead of derogating from her social position. When one considers how greatly women are excluded from bread-winning positions, it is not hard to understand the rush of applications to these schools. The one fact that the applications are just one year ahead, or in other words, that they have received as many applications for the year 1874-'75 as they can grant, is sufficiently significant. It seems to the writer that the duty of the municipality is clear here, and that they should not hesitate a week before asking for the facts from the Institute management. Also, with regard to a school of design of industrial art. This is as much a succursal of the public schools as the university. That learning should be so honored, and knowledge so disregarded, would be impossible of belief, if we had not been assured on very high authority that "Wisdom crieth in the streets, and no man regardeth her."—*N. Y. Times*.

PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS AT THE ARCADIAN CLUB.

THE interest attaching to any public testimonial to a man like Peter Cooper renders it not too late to refer to the paintings and drawings collected at the Arcadian Club on the occasion of the recent reception given there to that gentleman. The paintings are not more than two or three in number, and, with the exception of one painting presently to be mentioned, it is the drawings, mostly crayon, to which the larger proportion of interest adheres. It was a happy inspiration that suggested that these drawings should be culled from the art-schools of Cooper Institute. This was something like offering to a philanthropist a bouquet composed of his own good works. Almost all the drawings are down-stairs, in the three rooms upon the first floor, but a few are found up-stairs, in one of the smaller apartments. Among the crayons on the parlor-floor are to be found a statue from the antique by Miss S. Stephens, a head by J. Weber, one by H. Bamberger, one by Miss M. Barnes, and one by Miss Menninger, all drawn with correctness and skillfully shaded, thanks to the tuition of Mr. Franz Venino, instructor in the night-school. Miss Hanson, a young lady of twelve, has also some scroll-work full of nice gradations; and Otto Venino, of the same age, contributes a hand excellently drawn. Some of the ornamental drawings from blocks are more than ordinarily

fair. An unusually clever crayon in the back-parlor is by Miss J. Davis, but some of these life-school attempts look too much like photographs to perfectly support their pretensions. Some of the most skillful drawings from blocks are by Miss Thurston, Miss Cunningham, Miss Emily Fenner, Miss Northam, Miss Rankin, and Miss Stephens. Several of the architectural specimens are quite happy. These represent the evening perspective class, and among the most successful pupils may be named Miss Nellie M. Keenan, Miss H. Newman, and Miss Cunningham, though we regret to say that one of the best has no signature, and modesty must bear the penalty of remaining anonymous. The cleanness with which these architectural drawings are executed evinces the careful superintendency of Mrs. Carter. An excellent specimen in this class of work comes from the hand of Mr. Charles König. The Engraving Department shows some meritorious designs by Miss Ledyard, and a few designs in pen and ink by Miss Bartow, Miss Muller, and Miss Lulu Johnson. Akin to these in interest is a pen and ink drawing by H. Ramminger. One of the finest specimens of the evening perspective class is up-stairs, and, unfortunately, nameless. Among miscellaneous matter may be mentioned some still-life in groups from Nature, by Miss Alice Brown and Miss E. Whitmore; some fair photography; a specimen of fruit-and-flower

border-drawing by Mr. Hugh McKay; a few drawings of machinery, and an engraving of the testimonial tablet to Peter Cooper, erected in the Cooper Library. But all these are mere accessories to a valuable achievement in art, occupying a prominent position above the dais in the central saloon. We refer to an oil-portrait of Peter Cooper, executed by Mr. B. F. Reinhart. It is fresh from the easel, having been completed just in time for the reception. The resemblance is of that perfection which pays the highest possible compliment to the skill of the artist in causing us to forget it. It brings Mr. Cooper so vividly before us that we lose sight of Mr. Reinhart. It is only upon after-inspection that we think of the intuition that has pierced at once beneath fleeting expressions and momentary lights and shadows, and brought to the canvas the permanent moral and mental temperament of the man. That love and respect for and faith in humanity which have led Mr. Cooper to do so much for it, that affectionate sobriety of spirit which gives to the playfulness of the moment a more potent charm than it could otherwise receive, are harmoniously expressed here, and bring us into *rappport* with those materials which constitute the essence of the intellectual and moral man. The technical execution is very skillful. The portrait will remain at the Arcadian for only a few days more.—*New York Herald*.

DRAWINGS EXECUTED BY PUPILS OF THE COOPER UNION
EVENING SCHOOLS OF SCIENCE AND ART, AND EX-
HIBITED AT THE ARCADIAN, FEBRUARY 12, 1874.

CLASS IN MACHINE-DRAWING.

J. F. MAURER, *Instructor.*

<i>Articulation of Eccentric</i>			
<i>Rod</i>	by JOSEPH SLADKLY,	Pupil.	
<i>Chain-gearing</i>	" " "	"	
<i>Vertical Pump</i>	" " "	"	

CLASS IN PERSPECTIVE-DRAWING.

C. HERZBERG, *Instructor.*

<i>Street View</i>	by CHARLES KOENIG,	Pupil.	
<i>Villa</i>	" WILLIAM S. FRASER,	"	
<i>Mansion</i>	" ABRAM EDMUNDS,	"	
<i>Moonlight Effect</i>	" NELLIE M. KEENAN,	"	
<i>Castle</i>	" " " "	"	
<i>Cottage</i>	" " " "	"	
<i>Country Residence</i>	" ANNA CUNNINGHAM,	"	
<i>Cottage</i>	" HATTIE M. NEWMAN,	"	
<i>Randall's Island</i> (from Na- ture).....	" " " "	"	

CLASS IN LIFE-DRAWING.

C. HERZBERG, *Instructor.*

<i>Two Studies</i>	by OTTO KREBBIEL,	Pupil.	
<i>One Study</i>	" THOMAS B. DYER,	"	
" "	" MELVIN B. RAY,	"	
" "	" F. B. MARCHANT,	"	

CLASS IN CAST-DRAWING.FRANZ VENINO, *Instructor.*

<i>Figure</i> , "Dying Gladiator.".....	by JOHN WEBER,	Pupil.
<i>Head</i> , "Agrippa".....	" " "	"
<i>Head</i> , "Vitellius".....	" H. BAMBERGER,	"
<i>Hand</i>	" OTTO VENINO,	"
<i>Head</i> , "St. Jerome".....	" L. S. CHEW,	"
<i>Hand</i>	" THEO. KLEEHAAS,	"
<i>Head</i> , "Jason".....	" E. McCLELLAN,	"
<i>Hand</i>	" CARL SCHWAB,	"

CLASS IN FORM-DRAWING.WILLIAM MAGRATH, *Instructor.*

<i>Group of Blocks, etc</i>	by ALFRED HUNT,	Pupil.
<i>Sphere</i>	" BERNARD J. IMHOFF,	"

CLASS IN ORNAMENTAL DRAWING.MAX EGLAN, *Instructor.*

<i>Mosaic</i>	by CHARLES SAHM,	Pupil.
<i>Mosaic</i>	" CHARLES SCHNEIDER,	"
<i>Crayon-Shading</i>	" HENRY IHLFELD,	"
<i>Lion's Head</i>	" HENRY BAMMINGER,	"
<i>Ornament</i>	" FR. HIGGINS,	"
<i>Ornament</i>	" FR. ENGERD,	"

CLASS IN FIGURE-DRAWING.CARL HECKER, *Instructor.*

<i>Life-Size Head</i>	by — WÜRZ,	Pupil.
" " " "Child pray- ing".....	" — SPAMER,	"
<i>Torso</i>	" — KAHN,	"

DRAWINGS BY THE PUPILS OF THE WOMAN'S ART SCHOOL.

<i>Scroll-work from the Round.</i>	by Miss JULIETTE HANSON.
<i>Profile of Face, from the Cast.</i>	" Miss MAGGIE BARNES.
<i>Grape-vine, from the Round.</i>	" Miss MARY S. OTTOWELL.
<i>"Apollo," from Cast.....</i>	" Miss EMMA MENNINGER.
<i>"Mercury," from Cast.....</i>	" Miss ROSINA SAMUELS.
<i>Perspective Drawing.....</i>	" Miss HATTIE NEWMAN.
<i>"Venus of Milo".....</i>	" Miss SARAH STEPHENS.
<i>Still-Life of Fruit.....</i>	" Miss ALICE BROWN.
<i>Still-Life of Vegetables.....</i>	" Miss ELLA H. WHITMAN.
<i>"Venus de Medici".....</i>	" Miss MINNIE SAYLES.
<i>Perspective Drawing.....</i>	" Miss NELLIE KEENAN.
<i>Group of Geometrical Figures</i>	" Miss FANNIE POWELL.
<i>Still-Life of Bird-Cage.....</i>	" Miss LINA VAN BRUNT.

ENGRAVING DEPARTMENT.

<i>Frame of Designs.....</i>	{ by Miss A. LEDYARD, engraved by Miss M. A. JACOT.
<i>Cooper Testimonial.....</i>	{ " Miss C. A. POWELL and Miss C. B. COGSWELL.

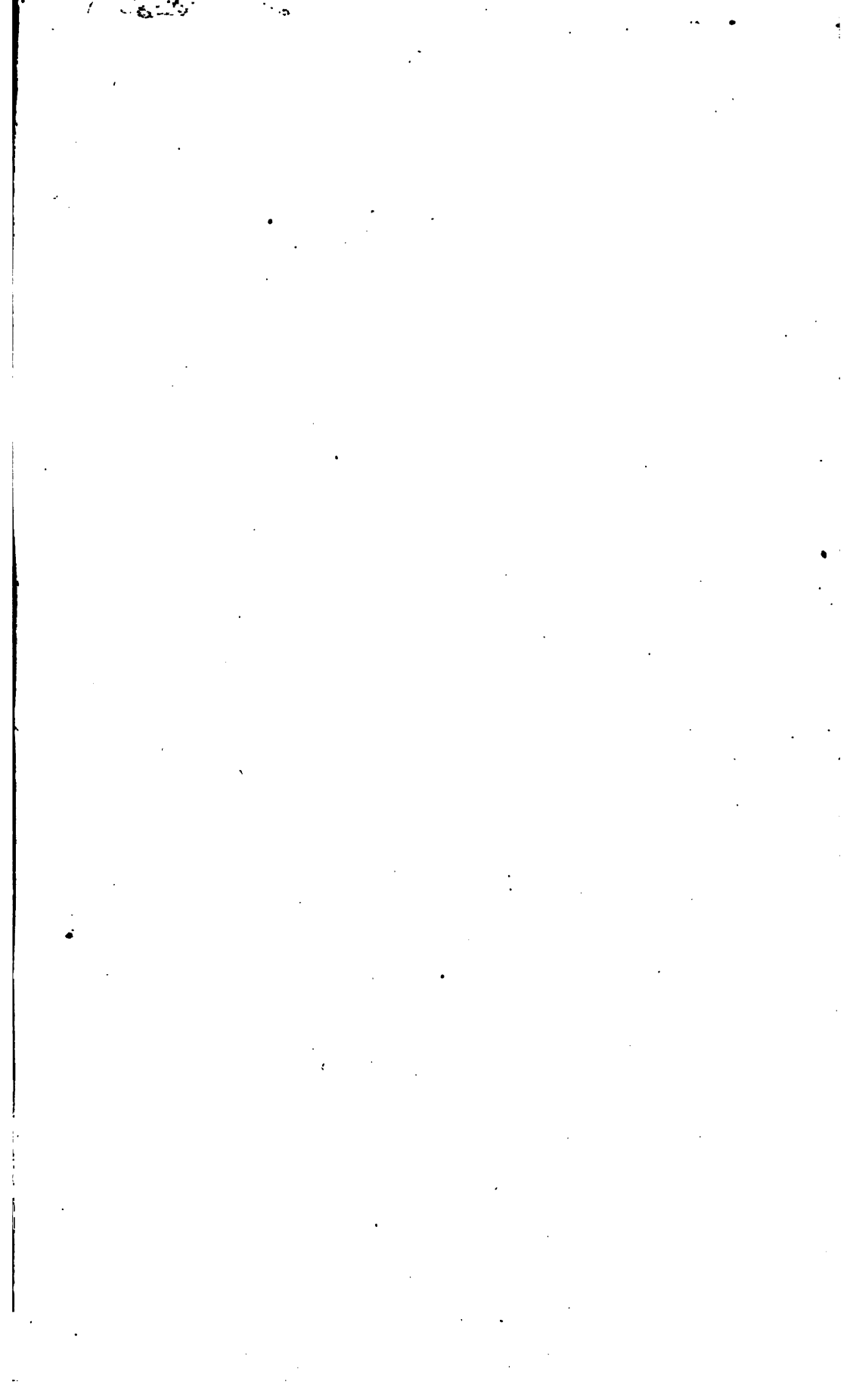
DESIGNS ON WOOD.

<i>Border.....</i>	by Miss S. A. STEPHENS.
<i>Watch, Stove, House.....</i>	" Miss ANNIE CUNNINGHAM.
<i>Ornament from Cast and Satchel.....</i>	" Miss F. THURSTON.
<i>"Told in the Twilight"..</i>	" Miss EMILY FENNER.
<i>Children washing their Feet..</i>	" " "
<i>"Consolation" (unfinished)..</i>	" " "

PEN AND INK.

<i>Stove</i>	by	Mrs. ANNIE DUPEE.
" <i>All serene</i> ".....	"	Miss S. M. NORTON.
" <i>Expectation</i> ".....	"	" " "
" <i>Agitation</i> ".....	"	" " "
" <i>Temperance Folk</i> ".....	"	" " "
<i>Selling Pea-nuts</i>	"	" " "
" <i>Expectation</i> ".....	"	Miss LULU JOHNSON.
" <i>Young Birds</i> ".....	"	" " "
<i>Head from Life</i>	"	" " "
<i>Landscape</i>	"	Miss BARTON.
<i>Head of Cat, and Dog</i>	"	Miss RANKIN.
" <i>Surprise</i> ".....	"	Miss E. MULLER.

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